

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2828.—VOL. CIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1893.

WITH } SIXPENCE.
FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT } BY POST, 6½D.



H.M.S. VICTORIA AT SUNDOWN: A REMINISCENCE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Although there is a large number of persons who object to hereditary titles, one does not find even in the most stalwart of Radicals any objection to the titles themselves (and, indeed, rather the contrary). It is not possible to make everyone a peer who wishes or even deserves to be so, but, having in view the undoubted value that is attached to having a handle to one's name, why should we not have local peers—persons permitted to bear titles in the localities where they have distinguished themselves but not outside them? This would please a great many people, and be an excellent way of rewarding the "City and Suburban" supporters of our political parties. It would be much better than making them magistrates or deputy-lieutenants, for (except in the case of V.C.'s, C.B.'s, and a few more) it is the initials which come before and not after their surnames which are so dear to the wearers. For the system precedent will not be wanting. Local titles were instituted so early as the time of Henry VIII. When that impulsive monarch was patronising an archery competition at Windsor, in which his own bodyguard were by no means distinguishing themselves, he called out to one Barlow, who was preparing to shoot: "If you beat those fellows I will make you Duke of Archers!" Barlow did beat them, and was made Duke of Shoreditch, where he resided, with the understanding that the dignity should be confined to the metropolitan area. The title, however, "descended for several generations with the Captainship of the London Archers." Several other expert bowmen were honoured with titles—"Earl of Pancridge," for example, and "Marquis of Clerkenwell"—taken from the localities where they resided. In these days, when athletics have become so attractive, this branch of the system would prove immensely popular. His Grace the Duke of Notout would be a welcome addition to the Lords, and a barony or two might be well bestowed among the lawn-tennis players at Wimbledon. The limit as to area might be a little inconvenient as regards the exact line where the title ought to be dropped, but, so far as I have observed in the matter as constituted at present, most bearers of titles have no objection to be addressed by them, or even higher ones, under every possible circumstance.

The music on the Embankment during the pressmen's dinner hour is a much more important matter than it seems to be. It would be a most beneficial institution for all indoor labourers; for it is not the long hours of labour—though they are bad enough—so much as its monotony that makes it so wearisome. There is at present little attempt to mitigate this even in the higher departments of toil. Can anything be less restful for example than what are called the "facilities" for obtaining refreshment in the City at the luncheon hour? There is, no doubt, some contrast between the plodding work at the desk and the bustle and hurry of the restaurant, but these are neither wholesome nor refreshing. If an hour, or even half an hour, at mid-day could be given up to social and sensible enjoyment it would break the neck of the day's work, and make men feel that they were not, after all, machines. That they would work all the better for it afterwards is as certain as that a horse is invigorated by a feed of corn. The way of labour is at present too often like a long, straight, broiling street, without a seat or a sheltering tree. The humanising effect of a change in this respect can be hardly estimated, and it is greatly to the credit of our newspapers that they have been the first to inaugurate it. There is good hope that the labour question will eventually find its answer in this direction rather than in compulsory legislation.

We do not require the corroboration of a recent law case to prove that even very rich relations, if we don't "get on" with them, are not welcome neighbours; but when they are poor ones, and have to be entertained indefinitely under one's own roof, what is called the accident of kinship becomes a misfortune indeed. In almost every great country house there are some regrettable examples of consanguinity, who not only quarrel with one another but make their unhappy host the involuntary arbiter of their disputes. It is a part of the price which every aristocratic family has to pay for the law of entail, which leaves its more distant branches unprovided for. The ancestral homes of England are very roomy, but no house is large enough to accommodate these incongruous inhabitants. A country gentleman in the Midlands, at the beginning of the century, conscious of the duties of kinship, and having poor relations, extricated himself, I read, from this domestic difficulty in a very ingenious manner. "He built on his paternal estate an elegant structure in the Gothic style," to accommodate such of his own relations, and also those of his wife, as might be in need of a residence, and called it a "*Consanguinitarium*." The several occupants had each a yearly allowance, and the estate was charged with this provision in perpetuity; but they were otherwise treated as neighbours, and only came to "the Hall" upon express invitation. Thus he secured for himself peace and quietness; but it is not stated whether these blessings were also vouchsafed to the inhabitants of the *Consanguinitarium*.

The cup of the 'prentice has always had its "something of bitterness." The guardian flattered himself that he had washed his hands of his charge when the indenture was signed, and that the boy was on the road to earn his own living, and found himself wofully mistaken. The apprentice declared he learnt nothing, and complained of having salmon for dinner six days a week. Since the days of premiums discontent has grown in both directions, except as regards the salmon. When money is paid, money's worth is expected in return, and the general impression is that it is not given. In a northern shipbuilding yard an apprentice who had paid £300 for "learning the business" protested that he had passed two years at full length in a boiler, holding a candle for another apprentice who hammered the nails in. It now appears from a recent case that the law decides these matters by "the custom of the trade," whatever the trade may be. If the custom is to employ the apprentice during the term of service "in stamping letters and posting them," that is all that is to be expected from the employer. Under these circumstances, it would be the more sensible as well as the more agreeable course for the guardian to employ his charge as a letter-carrier on his own account, and give him the premium. He would thus learn his future profession equally well, and have plenty of pocket-money wherewith to enjoy himself during his extensive leisure.

In certain London hospitals it is the custom when paupers are admitted to give their clothes into the custody of their nearest relative—a practice which suggests that these institutions are very deficient in wardrobe accommodation. The other day we read that the garments of an old woman who had been admitted into the accident ward had been thus disposed of, and on coming to herself she inquired with anxiety what had become of them. "Your niece has got them," she was told. "But I have not got a niece!" she answered, nor, indeed, had she. A young woman who had seen the accident, and knew of the hospital custom, had followed the patient to its doors, crying "My aunt, my aunt!" and received the reward of her promptness and presence of mind. The anecdote has been quoted as an original piece of sharp practice, but the fact is, it is a plagiarism. Half a century ago, when "subjects" were bought by the surgeons, a poor man fell dead in Fleet Street. Without a moment's hesitation, a young fellow who was passing threw himself on his knees beside the corpse, exclaiming "My father, my dear father!" A crowd gathered round, their sympathy was excited, and money was subscribed to enable the pious youth to take away his father's body in a hackney coach. He did so, and took it to a surgeon, who gave him £20 for it.

The story of the "abandoned farms" in New England is a sad one. Their average size, we are told, is eighty acres, and their value with buildings £178. The cost of the land being less than six dollars an acre, this does not seem much to give up, but even a small surrender becomes important when it is parting with one's all. Anything can be made to look pleasant in an advertisement list, but the descriptions of these homesteads is by no means unattractive, and they are certainly cheap enough. "Farm of sixty acres; mowing eight; pasture, eighteen; woodland, thirty-four; suitable for cultivation, twelve. One storey house, five rooms, in need of some repair. Small barn. Good well at house, and running water at back of barn. Twenty apple and twelve other fruit trees. Railway station six miles, post-office one mile. Price £80; cash at sale £20; interest on balance four per cent." Here are opportunities for poets who wish to live in solitude and to study the operations of agriculture. Literary men are especially invited to "spend an ideal vacation" in these rural scenes: and it will be interesting to read their subsequent effusions in praise of a country life.

The farms of old England are not yet abandoned, but they are being put to the same use in the summer months. "Brain-workers" are being besought, in the advertisement columns of our newspapers, to seize this happy chance and be recuperated by a month or two in Arcadia. One notices, however, there is little said about cream and fresh eggs, which (unless they go up to London, and there are none) is a fatal error. Rural delights, if they exist, should be displayed. It is quite possible that farmhouses in picturesque neighbourhoods may find a new source of revenue in their summer "lets," but it is absolutely necessary that the habits of the town resident should be more studied; at present there is too little attention paid to comfort, and especially to the sanitary arrangements. To pass the summer in a farmhouse is the dream of a great many respectable families—until they have seen the farmhouse. The notion that Arcadia is free from the vices of Burlington Arcadia has of late years been exploded, but it is still fondly imagined that in the country there are no evil smells; yet in London there are few middle-class dwellings which can compete with the fustiness of an ill-ventilated farmhouse.

A lady correspondent who wishes to take lodgings in a farmhouse for the present summer has confided to me some of her difficulties in finding quarters. The advertisements, she says, give too little information. In one case, the fact of the place being unfurnished was not even stated; and in

more than one there was not a single chest of drawers in the whole house. The hope of this class of advertisers seems to be that people will take their rooms without coming to look at them. In many cases nothing is said about how to get to the house except that it is so many miles from the railway station. The townsman flatters himself that wherever there is a station there is a fly; whereas he is often just as likely to find a balloon.

On one occasion, however, my correspondent was exceptionally fortunate. There was no fly indeed, but there was a light cart, with a most willing driver. "Here you are, Ma'am; jump in!" he said. "Train's late, and my oss is quite tired of waiting for you." "You can't be waiting for me," she said, "for no one knew I was coming; I want to go to Fern Farm." "Well, of course you does; lady for Fern Farm, by the 2.20; them was my orders." "But there must be some mistake." "Not a bit of it. This is the 2.20—though it's 2.45—and you're the only passenger; jump in."

It was two miles to the farm, and a very hot day. The only chance for the lady, if she was not to walk both ways, was to get into that cart. It seemed almost providential, though also a little fraudulent. She got in. The man flourished his whip triumphantly, and the horse started at a gallop; the vehicle had no springs, and she had the greatest difficulty in keeping her seat. "Hold on to me, Ma'am," said the man, encouragingly, "it will soon be over." She thought, from the way it swayed, that he referred to the cart; but somehow they arrived, and very quickly, at their journey's end. It was a nice-looking farmhouse enough, and the visitor (when she found herself on terra firma) felt grateful, only she said to herself, "If it's ninety in the shade, I don't drive back again." She pulled out her purse, but the man cried, "You're paid for," and galloped away. It was like a ride by nightmare, and as cheap. She was received by the farmer's wife civilly enough, but evidently with some astonishment.

"I am afraid I am not the lady you were expecting."

"I am expecting nobody: a lady came yesterday and took the house from next Monday." This was a sad blow, but it did not efface the memory of what she had gone through.

"But the man in the cart?" she murmured. "He said he had gone to the station on purpose to fetch me."

"That's just like him," said the woman, with an appreciative smile. "It's only Sam Johnson; he's as mad as a hatter."

The suicide of a painter in Berlin because its Academy has rejected his pictures follows close upon that of a poet in England because his verses were not accepted. Such acts evince a delicate sensitiveness in their perpetrators, but little else that is commendable. It is certain, at all events, that these persons have been mistaken in their choice of a profession. If an artist or man of letters cannot bear to have his contributions returned—which is, after all, only a negative form of disappointment—how is he to endure an unfavourable criticism? That he will meet with many such is certain, but they need not be taken as the final judgment of his fellow-creatures. A writer of works of the imagination has often been compared with a spider, who finds the materials for his work in his own interior; but to succeed he must also be like Bruce's spider, who failed half-a-dozen times and yet was not discouraged. As to poetry, the adoption of such a calling, in the present state of the verse market, would be more dangerous to a nature that prefers death to rejection than the volunteering for a forlorn hope.

Some people plume themselves as they get older and older upon taking sensible views of things, by which they mean depreciatory views. They thank Heaven that they admire no writer unless he is dead and buried, and the longer the better. Their sense of comparison departs from them before their hearing or their eyesight—

Not to admire is all the art they know
To make men happy and to keep them so.

And yet they are not (so far as I have observed) particularly happy. If they were not persons of culture they would remind one of bears with sore heads, and they are always shaking them at the newcomers in literature. They are shaking them just now at Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and the more vigorously because it is clear he has "come to stay." Of course, not with posterity (of that they are positively certain), but probably for a generation, which is wormwood. I am unfeignedly sorry for them: it must be very sad to read "Many Inventions" and derive no pleasure from its perusal because—for I can conceive no other reason—they are new inventions, which they certainly are. Rudyard Kipling has his faults, like other writers, but they are his own faults: from all the charges brought against him that of plagiarism is absent. As to his merits, for one thing, he has absolutely no rival as a master of glamour. If this is not one of the highest literary gifts it is the rarest. A writer may have mystery, the art of concealment, at his fingers' ends; his plots may be thrilling; but glamour—what the spiritualist plays for and gets a duck's egg—that is quite another matter. Let the intelligent reader study "A Matter of Fact," "The Finest Story in the World," and "In the Rukh" (the proper order in which to read them), and he will acknowledge the power of modern magic.

FAREWELL TO DR. NANSEN.

BY HERBERT WARD.

Christiania, June 20, 1893.

In honour of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen and his crew, a public banquet, or "kold seksa," was given in the Freemasons' Hall of this city on the 17th inst. Between three and four hundred ladies and gentlemen were present, and the occasion was remarkable for the warm-hearted enthusiasm expressed by the company, which was thoroughly representative in character. The function was conducted in true Norwegian style.

At the conclusion of the feast, Professor Mohn, of the Christiania University, delivered a short and effective speech, in the course of which he paid a high tribute to Dr. Nansen, both as a man and as a brother professor and scientist. He alluded to Dr. Nansen's feats in Greenland, and concluded by saying: "Dr. Nansen and his crew will all share the one cabin on the *Fram*; they will all share the same dangers and the hardships of the voyage; and when they all return, as I firmly believe they will, they will all share equally the honours and congratulations which their success will warrant."

The company then pressed forward to clink glasses with Dr. and Mrs. Nansen, amid lusty shouts of "Skål! Skål!"

Dr. Nansen replied to the toast, and in the warmest terms he expressed his gratitude, not only to his own countrymen, but to other nations, and more particularly to Englishmen, for the generous sympathy that had been displayed towards his expedition. After acknowledging the various sources to which he was indebted for assistance, Dr. Nansen informally introduced to the company each member of his crew. Music then commenced, and the ball was opened by Dr. and Mrs. Nansen. The most noticeable feature of this occasion, to a foreigner, was the entire absence of reserve on the part of the company. The meeting was in every way suggestive of a family gathering. Dr. Nansen's sailors danced with the first ladies in Christiania, and the sailors' wives, neat and trim, in dark dresses, waltzed round the room in the arms of staid and serious professors. The behaviour of the *Fram*'s crew, weather-beaten sailor-men as they all were, was worthy of perfect breeding.

Much sympathy was expressed for Mrs. Nansen, who, despite her natural sadness, displayed a smiling face. Once or twice old Norwegian ladies came towards her and silently patted her cheek. Mrs. Nansen's brave effort to conceal her emotion was obviously an excessively painful ordeal. In a remark overheard during the evening I detected an element of humour.

"There will be but twelve in the *Fram*'s company, and all Norwegians. It's a pity they take no Swede with them. When they are out of provisions they might find him useful."

The proceedings closed at midnight, when all the company sang a song written for the occasion by Emil Nicolaysen, Dr. Nansen's brother-in-law—

Dü norske mand, farvel, farvel!
the closing lines of which were rendered with much enthusiasm—
What tears of joy will fill the eyes of glad old Mother Norway
When the *Fram* sails back to the fjords!

The genuine simplicity and the warm-hearted nature of the festivity, together with the spontaneous expressions of sympathy and cordiality, appeared to produce a deep impression upon every member of the expedition; and away in the barren Polar region they will all surely cherish a vivid recollection of the affectionate spirit of their countrymen, by whom they were so warmly entertained.

In Christiania there are at present numerous foreigners, who have journeyed hither with the express purpose of witnessing the departure of Dr. Nansen's expedition. One of the most prominent of the visitors is Mr. John Murray, of the Challenger expedition, who told me that he thoroughly believed in Dr. Nansen's theory, and entertained every hope of his success. "In some small matters I differ from Dr. Nansen," he said, "but in the main theme of his scheme I consider he holds a practical view. Where I differ somewhat from Dr. Nansen is in the bulk and weight of his ship. I should prefer two vessels of half the *Fram*'s capacity. The principal difficulty Dr. Nansen will have to encounter, in my opinion, is the perching of his ship upon the ice. I am afraid he will have to cut himself a harbour in the ice, and he will thus be exposed to the danger of being crushed. The *Fram* is a much bigger vessel than I expected to find. The ice in the Arctic differs considerably from the ice in the Antarctic. In the Arctic the ice is never more than six feet above sea-level, except, of course, where it becomes shelved and piled. I entertain no doubt of the existence of the current upon which Dr. Nansen bases his theory."

Among the most prominent of Dr. Nansen's benefactors and supporters resident in Norway are Mr. Fearnley and Mr. Dick, both of whom have subscribed handsomely to the expedition and have also rendered much aid to Dr. Nansen by their personal labour and advice. Dr. Nansen's expedition is thoroughly equipped for every anticipated emergency. Much interest is felt in scientific circles here

with regard to the result of dredging in the unexplored region to the west of the New Siberian Islands.

Dr. Nansen's chief anxiety is at present directed towards his chances of passage through the ice-bound Kara Sea. Should he be unfortunate in this respect, a year's valuable time will be lost.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCESS MAY AND THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.

The children's floral parade, on Wednesday, June 21, at the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society in Regent's Park, was favoured with the presence of the young lady whose wedding has excited so much public interest, Princess May of Teck, accompanying her parents, the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The procession, headed by the band of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, was a delightful spectacle, comprising a number of miniature mail-carts, fancy chariots, pony-chaises, goat-carriages, sedan-chairs, hay-carts and other vehicles, decorated with tasteful garlands of foliage, grasses, and flowers, the best designs of which obtained prizes, adjudged by Sir Augustus and Lady

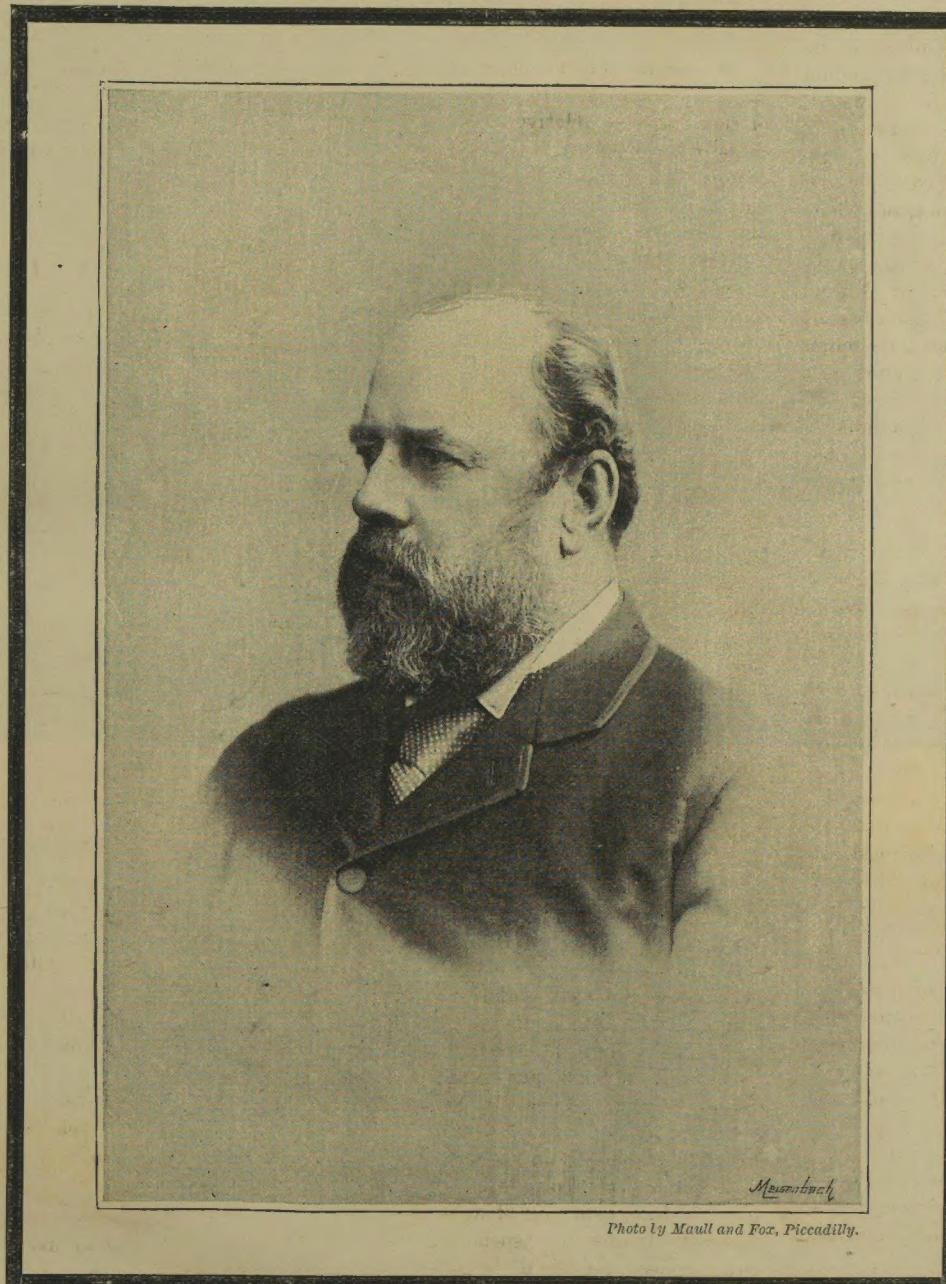


Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON, K.C.B.

Harris. Little boys and girls, attired in various costumes, occupied the carriages, and there could hardly be a prettier show. The Duchess of Teck, assisted by her daughter, presented the prizes to the children.

COMMEMORATION OF "WHITE'S SELBORNE."

Saturday, June 24, was appointed by the Selborne Society for the centenary commemoration of the death—he actually died on June 26, 1793—of the Rev. Gilbert White, author of a book which has, perhaps, been superseded by other works as a manual of English rural natural history, but which did much, in the last generation, to encourage that pleasing study. Born in 1720 in that quiet village of the Hampshire weald, educated at Oriel College, Oxford, he lived as a parish curate in the same neighbourhood nearly forty years. Our Illustrations of Selborne Church, of the parsonage, with his study and his garden, and of the village green, called the "Plestor," will be acceptable to those who read him. The party of about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, including the Earl of Selborne and the Earl of Stamford, who went down there from London, were joined by the Hampshire Field Club. They lunched under a marquee, where some agreeable and instructive speeches were made, and they visited all the places associated with the memory of Gilbert White. It is proposed not to erect a statue, bust, or monument, but to provide something useful—perhaps a library, reading-room, or museum—for the benefit of the village.

LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON.

At this moment the name on every lip wherever the honour of England is prized is that of George Tryon. The calm heroism and self-devotion with which that gallant sailor met his death have sent a thrill of pride and sympathy through the nation. They have made us forget for a while the blunder or mischance which has destroyed one of the costliest of our ironclads and many a life which on that summer sea off Tripoli was lulled in false security. In six minutes from the moment when the ram of the Camperdown crashed into the Victoria's side all was over, and the last that was seen of Admiral Tryon was a solitary figure on the bridge, telescope in hand, waving a final farewell to his colleague Rear-Admiral Markham, who from the deck of the Camperdown witnessed this appalling calamity. It is said that a coxswain offered Sir George a life-belt, and that the answer was "Save yourself." That was the characteristic chivalry of the old sea-dog, to whom his ship was dearer than his life. Every thought during those last terrible minutes was for others—none for himself. Such a spirit recalls the sacrifice of the soldiers of the Birkenhead, who were paraded on deck when the women and children were carried from the foundering vessel to the boats, and who went down in a solid mass to the beat of the drum.

When shall their glory fade?

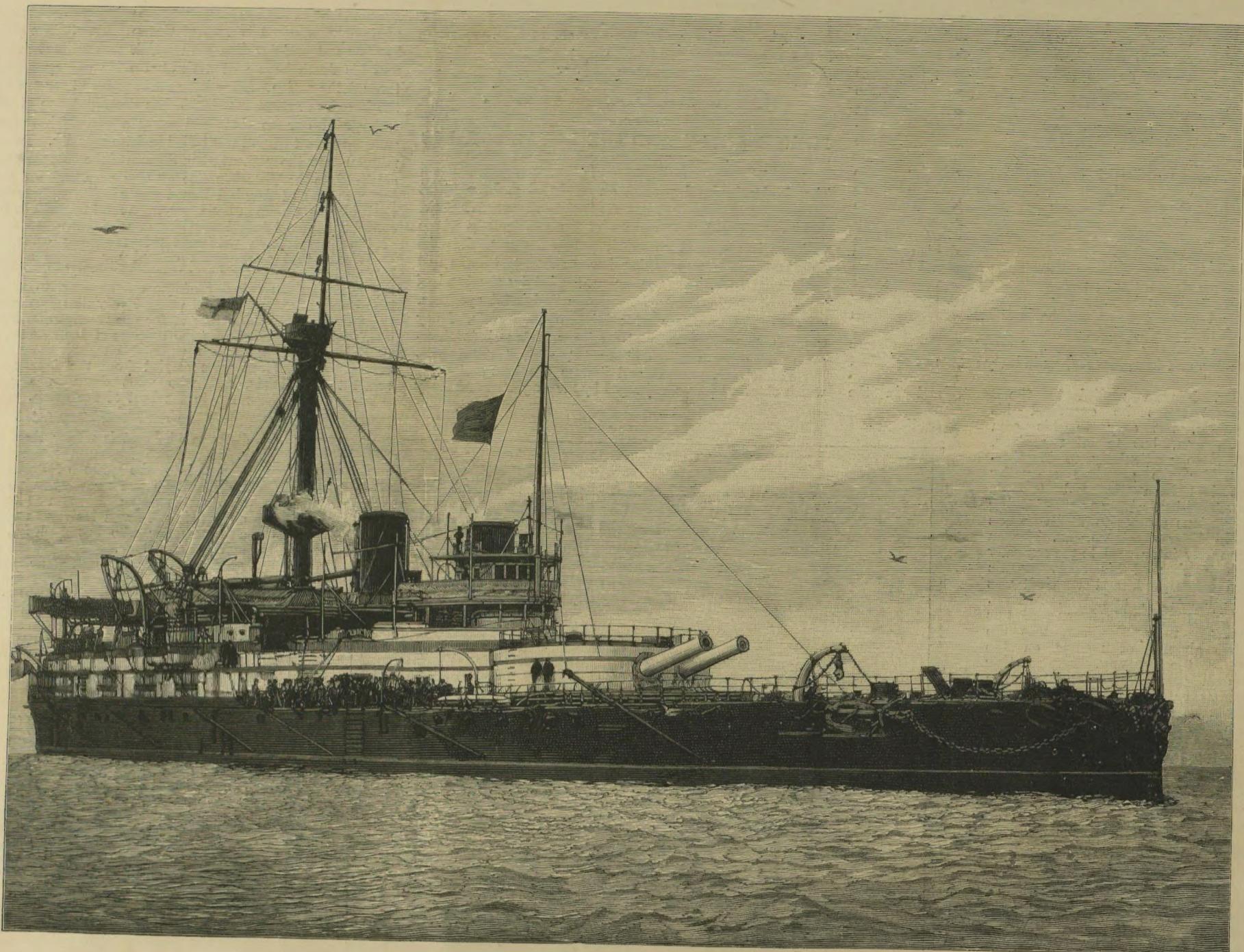
Courage like that is nobler than the bravery which hurled a handful of troops into the jaws of death at Balaclava. Tryon's resolution not to survive his ship makes him as heroic a figure in our naval history as many a commander who has died in the moment of victory. Of this stuff our English sailors are still made. The crew of the Victoria were worthy of their chief, and whatever we may think of the science which continues to build these monstrous ironclads which cannot be navigated in peaceful manoeuvres without risks that, as Lord Charles Beresford admits, are as likely as not to be fatal, we can cherish Admiral Tryon's memory in the full confidence that in every emergency the courage of our seamen will emulate his glorious example.

Not in conflict, and not in storm, but in one of those collisions, which are leniently called accidental, between the huge, costly, mechanically perfect modern structures of maritime equipment, H.M.S. Victoria, the flag-ship of our Mediterranean Squadron, has been sunk, with the loss of 360 English seamen's lives, including Admiral Sir George Tryon and twenty-one other officers. The value of the ship herself, with her engines, armament, and stores, was probably not far from a million sterling; but England can better afford money to build new ironclads than to see her sailors, men such as those of the Royal Navy, drowned by hundreds in a mishap unconnected with any serviceable action. This affair is deeply humiliating as well as distressing to the nation; but it is not unexampled within living remembrance. Collisions of steam-ships have indeed, of late years, become the greatest of dangers at sea; but in other ways, sometimes from errors in the designs of shipbuilders, or from blunders in the handling of a vessel, equal disasters have occurred. The capsizing of the Royal George, at Spithead, in June 1782, when "brave Kempenfeldt went down, with twice four hundred men," is commemorated by the once favourite English poet Cowper—

It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock;
She had not sprung a fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

And many of us well recollect how, in September 1870, the turret-ship Captain, with her crew of 500, besides forty-six officers and engineers, and Captain Cowper Coles, her designer, on board, was capsized in the Bay of Biscay. The loss of life in those cases exceeded that which has now happened. In the case of another ironclad, the Vanguard, rammed by a ship of her own squadron in the Irish Sea, all lives were saved by the prompt action of her commander, now the retired Rear-Admiral Dawkins, with the unavoidable loss of his ship. Such things do take place, but the general sentiment is that they ought to be prevented. We blame no one, yet public opinion is justly dissatisfied, and it is naturally asked whether and why our tremendous first-class ironclads are more dangerous to each other, and to their own crews and officers, than they might prove to a foreign enemy? Is it from some mistake in recent theories of construction, or is it from some defect in seamanship and training? The latter, however, is not deemed a probable opinion. Possibly, the machine is too big, too ponderous, and too mighty for the men, who may be as good as ever they were.

But it is time to relate—a sad task—the terrible occurrence, five miles from Tripoli, on the coast of northern Syria, on Thursday, June 22. The Mediterranean Squadron, under command of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, was passing three-quarters of a mile off the shore. The sea was perfectly calm; it was 3.41 in the afternoon. The squadron was formed in two parallel lines, distant the one from the other about six cable lengths, each vessel maintaining a distance of two cable lengths from the next. The Victoria led the line nearest the shore, the Camperdown leading the corresponding line, composed of the second



H.M.S. VICTORIA.

Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.

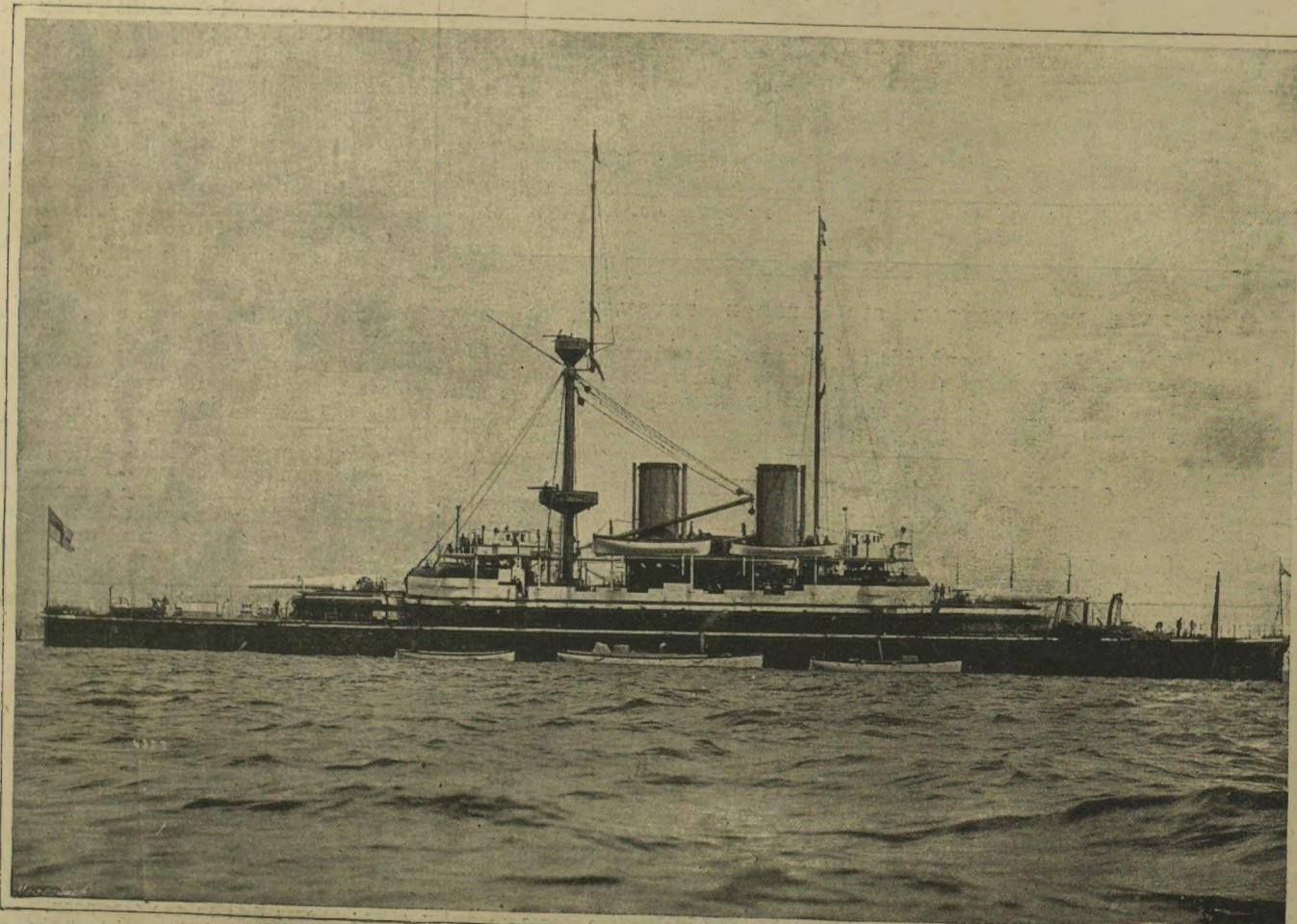
division, under command of Rear-Admiral Albert Hastings Markham. Sir George Tryon gave the order to convert this formation into that of single file. To effect this change each line of vessels had to turn inward upon itself. In executing the manœuvre, the

Camperdown collided with the Victoria, striking her in the bows. The ram of the former struck the other leading vessel with tremendous force, crashing right into her centre. Then Sir George Tryon turned the Victoria's head towards the land with the object of endeavouring to run her ashore. It

was evident that the damage inflicted left no other alternative. Orders were given to bring on deck all the sick and all the prisoners. The whole crew was also ordered on deck. The water now poured so rapidly into the enormous breach made by the ram of the Camperdown that the prow

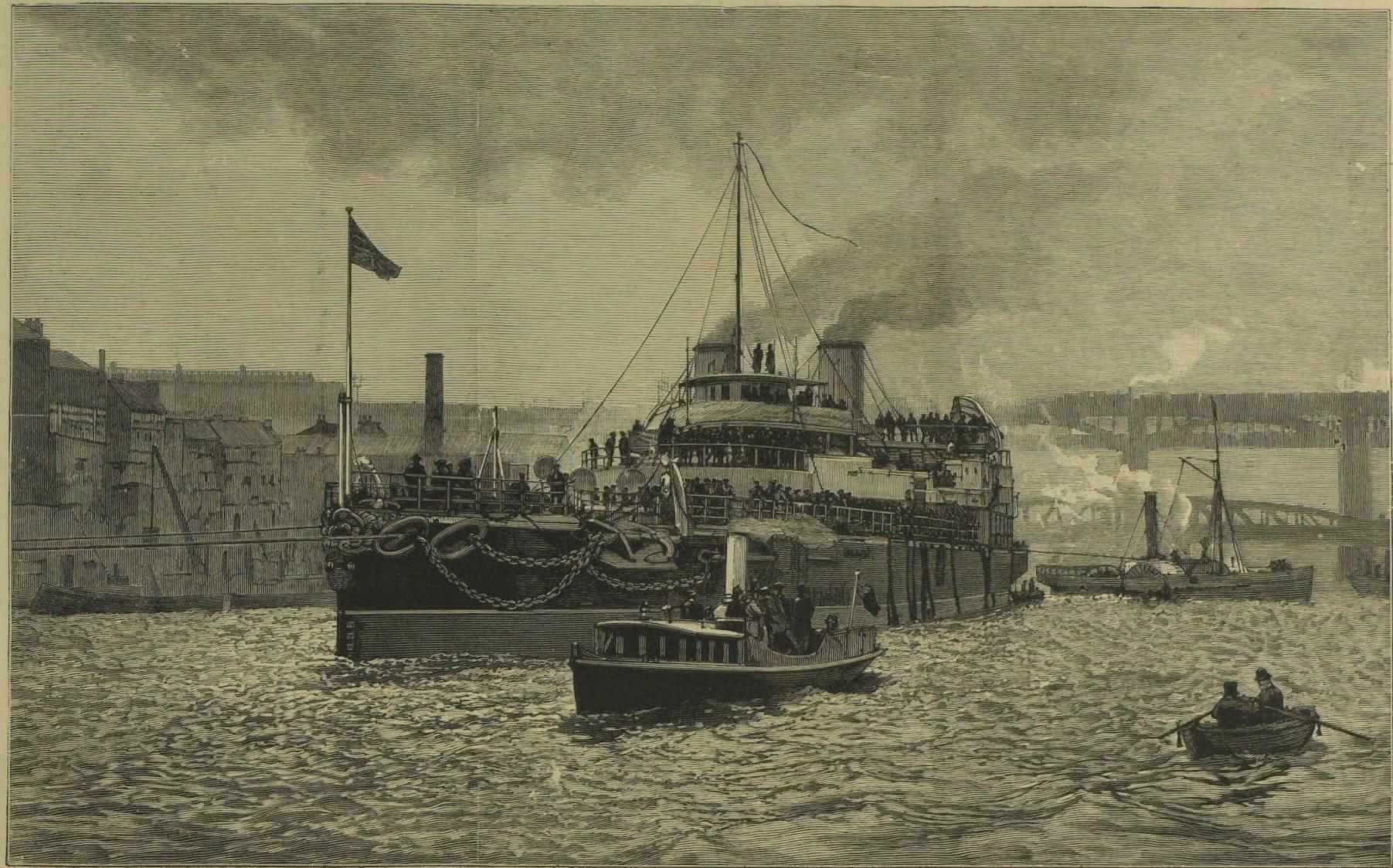
of the Victoria soon began to settle down. The Admiral, seeing that the vessel was doomed, ordered all to save themselves. Those on deck precipitated themselves into the sea, with the exception of Sir George Tryon, who remained alone on the bridge. The Victoria, continuing to sink head foremost, assumed a perpendicular attitude, her stern standing for a few moments straight up out of the water. She then turned right over and sank ten minutes after the collision. As she went down, two tremendous explosions were heard, those of the engine-boilers; the engines had continued working the screw-propellers. The Victoria lies in seventy fathoms of water, and it is believed that it will be quite impossible to raise her.

Her Majesty's ship Victoria, originally laid down as the Renown, and renamed in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee, was launched in 1887 at Elswick, where she was built under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. White, who has since become Director of Naval Construction. She was 340 ft. in length, 70 ft. in breadth, had a displacement of 10,470 tons of water, drew 27 ft. 3 in., and was protected by steel-faced armour-plates 16 in. to 18 in. thick, the armour-belt extending a length of 162 ft., with a deck-plating, and with a redoubt and turret built of 18-in. armour. She had twin-screw propellers, with triple-expansion engines by Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant, and Co., of Deptford. The cylinders were 43 in., 62 in., and 96 in. in diameter respectively, with a stroke of 4 ft. 3 in. The contract power was 12,000-horse power, with forced draught and enclosed stokeholds, and 7500-horse power with open stokeholds. Her armament consisted of two 110-ton breech-loaders, discharging projectiles of 1800 lb. with maximum charges of 900 lb., each gun being capable of firing ahead, and also, in consequence of the conformation of the superstructure, on the side, in any direction within an arc of 150 deg.; one 30-ton gun,



H.M.S. CAMPERDOWN.

Photo by Symonds, Portsmouth.



H.M.S. VICTORIA LEAVING THE TYNE, NEWLY BUILT, APRIL 6, 1888.

firing astern and on either quarter; twelve 6-in guns, twelve 6-pounder and nine 3-pounder quick-firing guns, besides machine guns for smaller ammunition. In other words, the Victoria was able to discharge from the broadside 4750 lb. of metal simultaneously, consuming 3000 lb. of

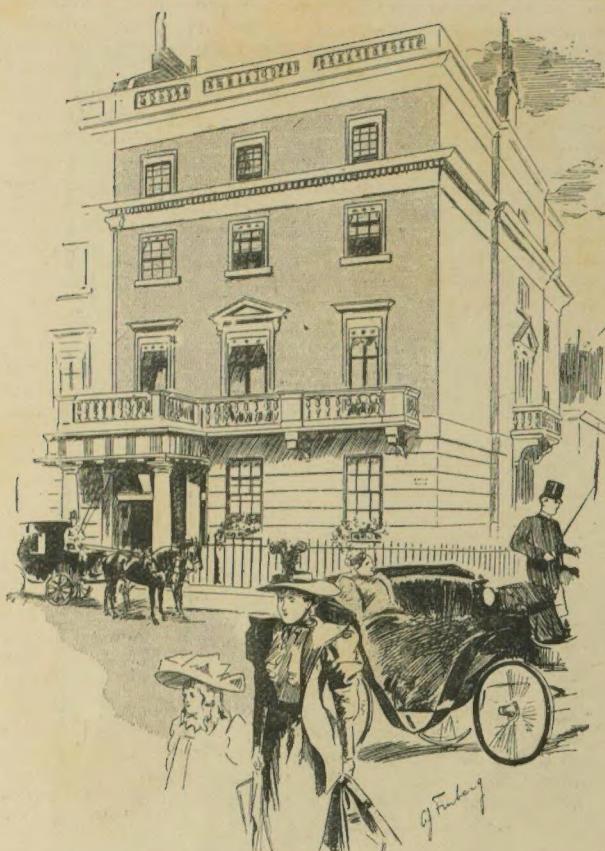
powder. She was also fitted with eight torpedo-dischargers. According to the Navy Estimates for the current year, the total cost of the Victoria, including hull, machinery, and guns, was about £817,841. When, after her completion at Elswick, she was brought down the Tyne past

Newcastle, on April 6, 1888, amid the acclamations of many thousands of spectators, we gave an Illustration of the scene, which is now reproduced.

The Victoria was first commissioned, temporarily, by Captain J. E. Stokes, in March 1890. He took her to the



SCENE AT THE ADMIRALTY AFTER THE NEWS OF THE LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.



THE LATE SIR GEORGE TRYON'S HOUSE, EATON PLACE.



TRIPOLI, FROM THE SEA.



REAR-ADMIRAL MARKHAM,

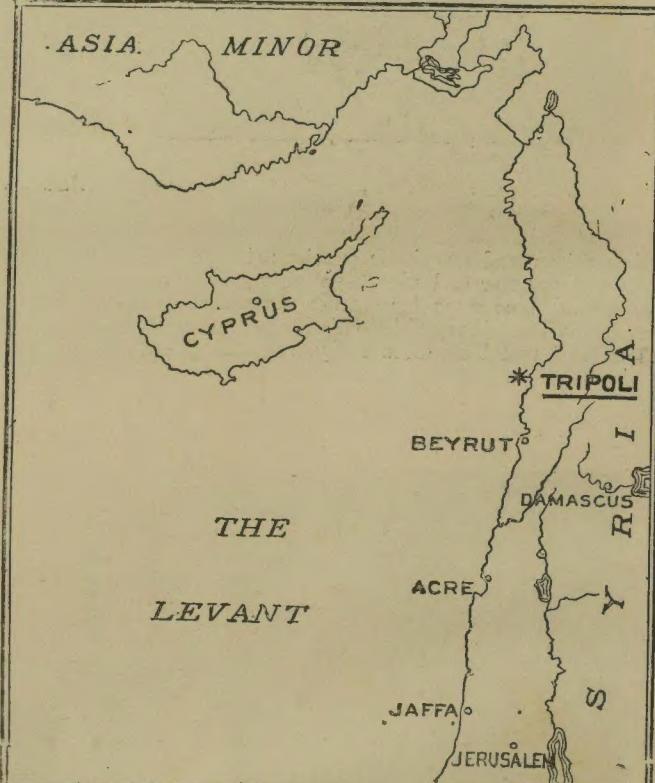
Commanding the Second Division of the Mediterranean Squadron on board H.M.S. Camperdown.

Mediterranean, where he and his crew "turned over" to the Camperdown, while the crew of the Camperdown, under Captain J. C. Burnell, turned over to the Victoria, which then became the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir Anthony

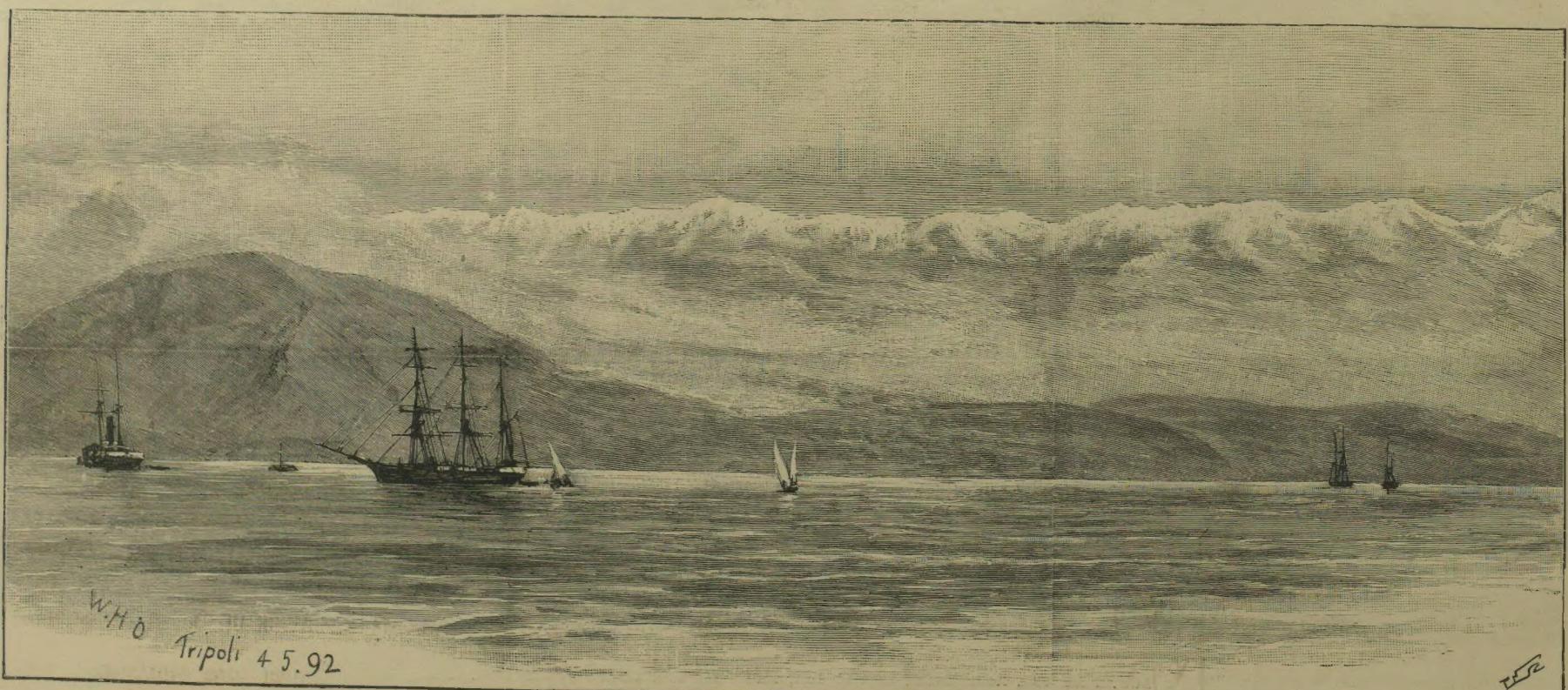
Hoskins, K.C.B., Commander-in-Chief. The late Sir George Tryon succeeded Sir Anthony Hoskins in 1891, and the Hon. M. A. Bourke became the new Commander-in-Chief's flag-captain. It will be remembered that about eighteen months ago the ship, while practising her torpedoes, ran upon a rock off the coast of Greece and so seriously damaged herself that, after having been with great difficulty got off, she had to undergo very extensive repairs at Malta Dockyard. A model of her was to be seen in the Armstrong-gallery of the Royal Naval Exhibition in 1892, and in another gallery was shown the silver model of the ship which, as a Jubilee gift, had been presented to the Queen by the officers of the Navy and Royal Marines.

The commander of the Victoria, Captain the Hon. Maurice A. Bourke, Flag-Lieutenant Lord Gilford, and Commander J. R. Jellicoe, with several other officers, were saved. Among those drowned are Lieutenant Philip H. Munro, the Rev. Samuel S. O. Morris, chaplain and naval instructor, Mr. Valentine D. J. Rickcord, paymaster of the fleet, Mr. Henry R. Allen, clerk, Mr. Savage, assistant clerk, Mr. Felix Foreman, fleet engineer, Messrs. Harding, Deadman, Hatherley, and Seaton, engineers, Messrs. Inglis, Grieve, Fawkes, Lanyon, Henley, Gambier, and Scarlett, midshipmen, Mr. Stooks, naval cadet, Mr. Howell, gunner, Mr. Barnard, boatswain, Mr. Beall, carpenter, and others. The number of those saved is 280, who have been sent to Malta. The greater number of the men on board could not escape from the ship, because she turned over, bottom upward, a few minutes after being struck; and several of those who rose to the surface were caught and killed by the screw propellers, which continued to revolve till the ship went down.

A message from the Queen expressed her deep grief at this dreadful misfortune and her regret for the death of so many officers and men, including Sir George Tryon, whom she knew well personally.



THE COAST OF SYRIA, INCLUDING TRIPOLI.
The * indicates the spot where the Victoria went down.

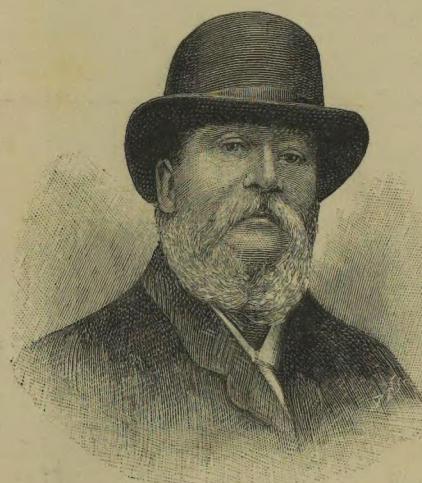


THE COAST AT TRIPOLI.

PERSONAL.

Although the ceremonial by which the conferring of honorary degrees by the University of Durham is marked has not acquired the popularity of the Oxford Encaenia or the Cambridge Commencement, it is not without its attractions. The Castle Hall, in which the proceedings are conducted, can compare both for grandeur and interest with the Sheldonian or the Senate House, for it is connected with recollections reaching back to a far more remote past, and with associations in which soldiers as well as scholars played their parts. On the present occasion the honours of the University D.D. were awarded to members of the Church militant in the persons of three missionary bishops, and the degree of D.C.L. for distinction in literature and art. Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., unquestionably deserved recognition from a body which encouraged the study of classical literature, for there are few who have brought more vividly before the eyes of students—young and old—the daily life of ancient Greece and Rome. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., is more immediately connected with Durham by his recumbent figure of the late Bishop Lightfoot, which has been erected in the Cathedral. Sir Henry Howorth, F.R.S., has written much on mammoths and Mongols, both of which subjects have an interest for those who study the history of the world's making and development. The Rev. Charles J. Robinson, Vicar of Horsham, the remaining recipient of the honorary degree, a former Fellow of Durham University, has done excellent service to both Church and State. To the Church, by inciting his fellow-pastors to self-help by the means of the Clergy Pension Fund, of which he was the chief originator; to the State, by his antiquarian research, as displayed in his works on Herefordshire and Somersetshire, as well as in his Register of Merchant Taylors' School (1562-1880), which, in the opinion of the most competent authorities, should serve as a model to all similar school registers.

The Jockey Club has lost one of its senior members by the death of Lord Calthorpe, at the age of sixty-seven.



THE LATE LORD CALTHORPE.

special distinction in racing annals. Probably few prominent patrons of the Turf made so little money out of it, yet during the seven years from 1885 to 1891 Lord Calthorpe's winnings amounted to more than sixty-five thousand pounds. A good deal of the late nobleman's property is in Birmingham, where he was a generous benefactor of local charities. He profited enormously by the increase in the value of land both in Birmingham and London. He owned an "adventurer's" £100 share in the New River Company, and sold it two or three years ago for £90,000. His chief associates in sporting matters were the Earl of Sefton and Captain Machell, and it was in Captain Machell's stables that he kept his horses for thirty years.

An interesting gathering, which included Lord and Lady Salisbury, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Lord Rothschild, Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Henry James, assembled at the new Daly's Theatre on Tuesday, June 27. An opening ceremony suggestive of that quite recently enacted at Drury Lane by the French Comedy Company commenced the performance. Miss Rehan recited some lines by Mr. Clement Scott, and the whole company, robed in white, sang "God Save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" with a vigour and enthusiasm pleasing alike to Englishmen and Americans present. Miss Rehan's impersonation of Katherine in the "Taming of the Shrew" is already familiar to English playgoers, and it lost nothing amid the new surroundings.

Despite the heavy demands on their time, the Duke and Duchess of Teck managed to attend the excellent concert given on June 27 at the residence of Mrs. John Morgan Richards. A song, of which the words were written by the hostess and the music composed by Mdlle. Janotha, was introduced by Madame Belle Cole.

Notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain which fell steadily all the latter part of the afternoon of Tuesday, the 27th, enormous crowds assembled in Richmond Park with the hope of obtaining a sight of Princess May's presents, which were announced as being on view from four to seven for the benefit of those living in the locality; but each train brought a large contingent of humble sightseers from every part of London, though many had to go home without having even obtained a glimpse of what they had come so far to see. Those whose patient waiting, in some cases for hours was at last rewarded, seemed to find the collection of presents, which were simply arranged in the long corridor, well worth having come a long way to see; and special gratification was expressed at the fact that no attempt had been made to place the countless valuable pieces of jewellery and *objets de vertu* out of reach of the visitors. Everything was left to the good feeling and good taste of the sightseers, and they responded right well to the trust reposed in them.

The late Sir William Mackinnon was a most interesting personality, a contrast in many ways to the popular idea of

the chairman of an enterprising company. He retained the simple manner of life all through the career which had begun seventy years ago in the Scotch village of Campbelltown. Success spoiled him not: he remained to the end one of those men in whose presence responsibilities were

heightened. Sir William was a worker of great capacity; often on his journeys from London to Scotland he would be busy through the night, dictating correspondence to his secretary. A most liberal and loyal member of the Free Church of Scotland, he was punctilious in the exclusion on Sundays of matters of secular interest; no letters or telegrams received attention on that day from Sir William Mackinnon. His ability was speedily evidenced as a young man in India, when the concern in which he was a partner quickly extended to a branch in Calcutta. His next success was with the British India Steam Navigation Company, which developed under his management into a most important enterprise. This company brought his interests to Zanzibar, with the Sultan of which country he established very friendly relations. Sir William Mackinnon was a great admirer of Mr. Stanley, and it was largely through his enthusiastic support that the Emin Relief Expedition set forth. He was unsuccessful in contesting Argyleshire in 1885, and was never a very keen politician.

No Canadian is probably better known outside his own country than Sir William Dawson, the veteran Principal of McGill University, Montreal. Under his kindly guidance higher education has made remarkable strides in Canada during the past decade, while he has found opportunities of making valuable additions to the geological literature of our time. Very general, therefore, will be the regret occasioned by the announcement that continued ill-health has compelled his resignation of the Principalship of the University after nearly forty years' service. Sir William, who is now in his seventy-third year, has been for some months past in declining health, and was obliged to spend last winter in the South. He will still retain a nominal connection with the University.

The Rev. Samuel Sheppard Oakley Morris, the chaplain of H.M.S. Victoria, who is reported to have gone down with the ill-fated vessel, has had a distinguished naval career. His first appointment was to H.M.S. *Garnet* in 1882, but he was shortly afterwards transferred to the *Amethyst*. In 1885 he served on the *Triumph*, and in 1889 he was appointed chaplain to H.M.S. *Camperdown*. He was transferred to H.M.S. *Victoria* in 1890. His home is in Cardiganshire, and before he entered upon the life of a naval chaplain he was assistant master of Ystrad-Meirig Grammar School, being preferred later to the head mastership of the Dolgelly Grammar School. He was educated at Jesus College, Oxford, where he had a brilliant career, taking mathematical honours.

Mr. Thomas William Nussey, of The Rushwood, Tanfield, Bedale, Yorkshire, the new member for Pontefract, is not a stranger to political life.

He unsuccessfully contested Maidstone at the General Election. His opponent, Mr. Elliott Lees, represented Oldham in the last Parliament. Neither candidate possessed any local influence at Pontefract, and the closeness of the fight, which left a majority of

only thirty-two for Mr. Nussey, shows that parties in the borough are very nearly balanced. Pontefract has already had the luxury of three contests within twelve months, for this is the second by-election in the present year. At the General Election the Conservatives were victorious by a majority of forty. In February the Liberals won the seat by sixty-three votes. Mr. Nussey, who was born in 1868, is one of the youngest members of the House. He was educated at Leamington and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and called to the Bar only this year.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the London Stereoscopic Company for the portrait of Mr. Nussey, M.P.; to Mr. Fergus, of Largs, N.B., for that of the late Sir W. Mackinnon, Bart.; to Mr. Sherborn, of Newmarket, for that of the late Lord Calthorpe; and to Mr. R. Ellis, of Malta, for that of Rear-Admiral Markham.



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON, BART.

THE QUEEN'S FAMILY: "THE ROYAL OAK." Our Extra Supplement this week, in prospect of the Royal Wedding to take place within a few days, by which her Majesty's grandson, the Duke of York, son and heir to the Prince of Wales, and destined, we hope, after his illustrious grandmother and his father, to reign over the United Kingdom, will be enabled yet further to perpetuate, in direct lineage, the succession of good British sovereigns descended from the Electress of Hanover since George I., consists of a collection of portraits already familiar to our readers. In the centre appear those of Queen Victoria and her husband, the Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, whom we lost too early, but who did much to promote the social welfare of the people. Around the portraits of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, arranged in prominence somewhat according to their rank, are those of their sons and daughters, and of the imperial, royal, and princely persons united with them by marriage; the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late German Emperor Frederick and his widow, the Crown Princess Victoria of Great Britain, and the Emperor William II., the Queen's grandson, occupying conspicuous places. No further explanation is required.

HOME NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, who has, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, remained at Windsor Castle, has been visited by the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, the Duke d'Aumale, and by the members of the royal family, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh with their children, and Prince and Princess Christian. On Tuesday evening, June 27, there was a performance at Windsor Castle by the members of the Comédie Française, from Drury Lane Theatre, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. Henry Abbey, and M. Maurice Grau, of two one-act French comedies, "La Joie fait Peur" and "L'Eté de St. Martin."

On Wednesday, June 28, her Majesty came to London, and performed the ceremony of unveiling, in Kensington Gardens, the statue of herself lately erected there, which is a work of sculpture by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

The Queen comes next to London for the wedding of her grandson, the Duke of York, to Princess May (Victoria Mary) of Teck, which takes place at St. James's Palace on Thursday, July 6.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, on Saturday, June 24, performed the ceremony of opening the new wing of the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury, of which the Queen is patron and the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian vice-patrons. There was a large attendance of visitors. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the Duke of Fife, president of the hospital, and by Mr. Arthur Lucas, chairman of the committee of managers, Mr. John Murray, vice-chairman, Mr. John Deacon, treasurer, Dr. Sturges, physician, and Mr. Edmund Owen, surgeon, with Mr. Charles Barry, the architect.

On the same day the Prince of Wales visited the ancient gatehouse, in Clerkenwell, of the Hospital of the Order of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, which has undergone an architectural restoration as a memorial of his elder son, the lamented Duke of Clarence, first Sub-Prior of the revived Order, of which the Prince of Wales is Grand Prior in England. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of York, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Fife, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Henry of Schleswig-Holstein. There was a religious service, in which the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Rev. Paul Wyatt officiated. The Prince presented prizes for acts of courage in saving life on land. The Turkish Ambassador, representing the Sultan as protector of the St. John's Ophthalmic Hospital at Jerusalem, was present, with several of the English nobility. The Order of St. John does much good charitable work, embracing the well-known Ambulance Association.

Princess Christian, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, on Tuesday, June 27, opened the new premises of the Association for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind, in Tottenham Court Road, which was founded thirty or forty years ago by the efforts of a blind lady, the late Miss Elizabeth Gilbert, daughter of a former Bishop of Chichester. Their Royal Highnesses were received by the president, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Admiral Sir Edward Sotheby, and other members of the committee.

The Mansion House fund for the relief of the families of seamen drowned by the sinking of H.M.S. *Victoria* amounted to £12,000 on June 27. There was a special religious service at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, in memory of the late Admiral Sir George Tryon.

Ready July 10.

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER

OF THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CEREMONY,
PROCESSION THROUGH LONDON,
ETC.

A SPLENDID SOUVENIR OF THE GREAT NATIONAL EVENT.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



PRINCESS MAY OF TECK PRESENTING PRIZES AT THE FLORAL FÊTE, ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.



A Tale of the Seventeenth Century, wherein is set forth the history of Jessica Leveret; of Pierre Le Moyne of Iberville, George Gering, and other adventurous spirits; together with some warlike matters, and the doubtful deeds of one Ned Buck'aw, mutineer and pirate.

A NOTE.

The actors in this little drama were playing their parts on the broad stage of a new continent two hundred years ago. Despotic rulers sat upon the thrones of France and England, and in their good and turbulent colonies, on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, their representatives were despots too, with greater cue therefor and to better ends. In Canada the irascible Frontenac quarrelled with his Intendant and his Council, laid a stern hand upon the Church when it interfered with his purposes, cajoled, treated with, and fought the Indians by turns, and kept up a running quarrel with the Governor at New York. Both were striving for the friendship of the Iroquois, on the one hand, and for the trade of the Great West on the other. The French, with a resistless daring, under such men as La Salle, had pushed their trading posts westward to the Great Lakes, beyond to the Missouri, and north to the bleak shores of Hudson's Bay. Hot with the spirit of adventure, they traded and fought and revelled, the best of pioneers and the worst of colonists. Tardily upon their trail came the English and the Dutch, slow to acquire but firm to keep; not so rash in adventure nor so adroit in intrigue; having as much the taste for fighting but less the gift of the woods, and much more the faculty for government. There was little interchange of friendliness and trade between the rival colonies, and Frenchmen were as rare on Manhattan Island as Englishmen in the shadow of the heights of Quebec—except as prisoners. Now and again a *courreleur de bois*, with his long black hair, silk sash, gold earrings, and buckskin clothes fantastically ornamented, came knocking at the door of the Governor's house at Albany or New York, bearing messages from King Louis' representative; or a sturdy ambassador, sent by Colonel Richard Nicholls, the well-beloved of King Charles, passed through little lanes of seigneurs and gentilhommes, playing at Versailles in Quebec, to hand in some bluff accusation, retort, or unwilling message of peace at the high portals of the Château St. Louis.

CHAPTER I.

AN ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

WHEN, one summer afternoon, a tall, good-looking stripling of France stopped in the midst of the town of New York to inquire his way to the Governor's house, he created considerable attention. He created as much astonishment as attention when he came into the presence of the Governor. He had been announced as an envoy from Quebec.

"Some more mad insolence of the County Frontenac!" cried old Richard Nicholls, bringing his fist down on the table. Then, for a few minutes, he discussed certain affairs with the other occupant of the room before he said, "Show the gentleman in."

In the room without the messenger from Quebec had stood flicking the dust from his leggings with a scarf, while his presence was being announced to the Governor. He was not more than eighteen years of age. His face had yet scarce a sign of moustache and beard, but he had an easy, upright carriage, and an air of self-possession which, coupled with the keenest of grey eyes, a strong pair of shoulders, and a look of daring about his rather large mouth, gave him a manliness which might seem, in spite of its improbability, to warrant his present service. He had been left alone in the room, and the first thing he had done was to turn on his heel about him, to examine the place swiftly. He appeared to do it mechanically—not as though expecting a danger, nor yet

as a spy, but as one used to observation and whose habit was wariness. Yet there was, too, in the curve of the lips, in an occasional droop of the eyelids, a suggestion of humour: more seldom a faculty with the young than with the old—for even towards the close of the seventeenth century the young took themselves seriously at times.

Presently, as he stood looking into the sunshine through the open door, a young girl came into the lane of light, and, after waving her hand, with a little laugh, to someone in the distance, stepped inside. As she did so, she half turned from him, and at first did not see him. Her glances were still cast back the way she had come. From where he stood the young man could not see the object of her interest, nor was he curious to know. Young as he was, he could enjoy a fine picture. There was a pretty demureness in the girl's manner, a warm piquancy in the turn of the neck, and a delicacy in her gestures which to the lad, fresh from hard hours in the woods, were part of some delightful pantomime of Arcady—though truth is, Arcady was more in his veins than of his knowledge. For even the young gentilhomme and seigneur of New France

spent far more hours with his gun than with his Latin, and with his sporting vassal than with his tutor; and this youth was too much a growth of his order to reverse the record. He did not, as might have been expected in a young gallant of the seventeenth century, look to his scanty lace, or place himself becomingly: he only stopped flicking the dust, holding the scarf loose in his fingers, his foot still on the bench where it had been placed. A smile played on his lips, and his eyes had a look of raillery. He heard the girl say in a soft quaint voice, just as she turned towards him, "Foolish boy!" By this he knew that the pleasant little picture had for its inspiration one of his own sex.

At this point the girl faced him, and gave a faint cry of surprise. Then their eyes met. Immediately the youth made a bow, more elaborate than he had ever made in his life, and the girl swept backward with a graceful courtesy. Her face was slightly flushed with confusion that this stranger should have seen what had just occurred; but there was such an open, cordial look in his face that, instead of hurrying into the Governor's room, as she seemed inclined to do, she paused.



Presently, as he stood looking into the sunshine through the open door, a young girl came into the lane of light.

As she did so, the string of her hat, which had been slung over her arm, came loose, and it dropped to the floor. Instantly he picked it up and handed it to her. Neither yet had spoken a word. It seemed a continuation of the pantomime at the door. As if they had both thought, on the instant, how droll the thing seemed, they laughed, and she said naïvely—"You have come to visit the Governor? You are a Frenchman, are you not?"

To this he replied in slow and careful English, "Yes, I have come from Canada to see his Excellency. Will you speak French?"

"If you please, no," she answered, smiling; "your English is better than my French. But I must go." She turned towards the door of the Governor's room again.

"Do not go yet," he said. "Tell me, are you the Governor's daughter?"

She paused, with her hand at the door. "Oh, no," she answered; then, in a sprightly way, "are you a Governor's son?"

"I wish I were," he said, "for then there'd be a new Intendant, and we would pat Nick Perrot in the Council."

"What is an Intendant?" she asked, "and who is Nick Perrot?"

"*Bien*: an Intendant is a man whom King Louis appoints to worry the Governor and the gentlemen of Canada, and to interrupt trade. Perrot is a fine fellow: he is a great *courieur de bois*, and helps to get the Governor out of troubles to-day, the Intendant to-morrow. He is a splendid fighter. Perrot is my friend."

He said this with an air—not of boasting, but with a youthful and enthusiastic kind of pride, relieved by the shrewd twinkle of his eyes and his open manner.

"Who brought you here?" she said demurely. "Are they inside with the Governor?"

He saw the railing, though, indeed, it was natural to suppose that he—a boy—had not come upon business

hesitation, and entered the Governor's chamber. Colonel Nicholl's came forward to greet him, and then suddenly stopped in astonishment. He looked at the young man, then wheeled upon the girl with whom the young man had conversed.

"Jessica, you madeap!" he said in a low voice.

The girl was leaning against a tall chair, both hands grasping the back of it, and her chin just level with its top. She had told the Governor, as she entered, that Count Frontenac had sent a lame old man as his messenger, and that, enemy or no enemy, he ought not to be kept waiting after hard travel with his arm in a sling and his head in a bandage. Seated at the table near her was one of the principal residents of the colony—a member of the Governor's Council—William Drayton by name. He lifted a reproving finger at her now, but with a smile on his grave, kindly face.

"Fie! fie! young lady!" he said in a whisper.

Presently the Governor recovered somewhat from his surprise, and seeing that the young man was of birth and quality, extended his hand cordially enough, and said, "I am glad to greet you, Sir."

He motioned him to a seat, and continued: "But pray sit down and let us hear the message which Count Frontenac sends us; and meanwhile, I shall be obliged for your name and rank."

The young man thrust his hand into his doublet, and drew forth a packet of papers. As he handed it over, he said in English—for the Governor had previously spoken French to him, having served in his time with the army of France and lived at the French Court—"Your Excellency, my name is Pierre Le Moine of Iberville, son of Charles Le Moine, a Seigneur of Canada, of whom you may have heard." The Governor nodded. "I was not sent by Count Frontenac to you. My father was his envoy: he was commissioned to discuss matters concerning trade in the far West and our relations with the Iroquois."

"Exactly," said old William Drayton, tapping the table

The Governor was impressed more than he cared to show; for though it was a time of comparative peace between the two countries, the journey that the young man had taken among Indians and English outlaws and bushrangers, to whom a French scalp was a matter of delight, was hazardous and difficult in the extreme, particularly to one so young. His reply was courteous and cordial. His fingers were at the seal of the packet Iberville had brought when the girl's hand touched his arm.

"I know his name," she said in the Governor's ear, "but he does not know mine."

The Governor patted her hand, and then rejoined, "Now, now! I forgot there was a lady present; but I cannot always remember, my sweet Jessica, that you are full fifteen years of age!"

Then, standing up, he said, with as much gravity and courtesy as if he were introducing a lady of years and rank, "Monsieur Iberville, let me present you to Mistress Jessica Leveret, the daughter of my good and honoured—and absent—friend, the Honourable Hogarth Leveret."

Immediately after, the Governor and his Councillor were shoulder to shoulder at a window, discussing the contents of Count Frontenac's message; and shoulder to shoulder at another window stood Iberville and Jessica Leveret; and what these had to discuss at that moment meant—though no one could have guessed it—as much to the history of the colonies of France and England, at strife in the New World, as the deliberations of their elders.

CHAPTER II.

THE THREAT OF A RENEGADE.

Iberville had been well used to the society of women all his life. Even as a very young boy, his father's distinguished position in the colony and the unrestrained freedom and gaiety



Then, standing up, he said, with as much gravity and courtesy as if he were introducing a lady of years and rank, "Monsieur Iberville, let me present you to Mistress Jessica Leveret."

with the Governor, but had merely accompanied someone hither.

The question was not flattering. His hand came up to his chin a little awkwardly. She noticed how large, yet how well shaped it was, or rather she remembered afterwards. Then it dropped upon the handle of the small sword he carried, and he answered with a careless self-possession, though a little hot spot showed on his cheek for an instant. "The Governor must have other visitors—who did not bring me—for he keeps a messenger from Count Frontenac a long time waiting."

The girl suddenly became very youthful indeed, and a frank light danced in her eyes and coloured her cheek. She came a step nearer. "It is not so? You do not come from Count Frontenac—all alone—do you?"

"I'll tell you about that after I have told the Governor," he answered, pleased, and amused too.

"Oh, I shall hear when the Governor hears," she answered, with a soft quaintness, and then vanished into the Governor's room.

She had hardly entered when the door opened again, and the servant, a Scotsman, stepped out to say that his Excellency would receive him. He stepped briskly forward, but presently paused. A sudden sense of shyness possessed him. It was not the first time, by any means, that he had been ushered into vice-regal presence, but his position, as will appear, was peculiar. He was in a strange land, weighted with an important embassy, which had been accidentally thrust upon him. Then, too, the presence of the girl had withdrawn him for an instant from the imminence of his official function, and his youthfulness supervened for a moment. In the pause one could fairly see his boyhood being transmuted into manhood.

He had not the dark complexion of so many of his race, but was rather Saxon in face, with rich brown curling hair. Even in that adventurous time one might easily have prophesied for him an unusual career, if it was not suddenly cut short by the arrow of an Indian or the sword of an enemy.

Presently, while the Scotsman stood in the doorway eyeing him with distant deprecation—as he eyed all Frenchmen, good and bad, ugly or handsome—he put off the instant's

with his forefinger, "and a very sensible move, upon my soul!"

"Well, well," said the Governor, "I know of Seigneur Charles Le Moine well enough. A good fighter and an honest gentleman, as they say. But proceed, Monsieur Le Moine of Iberville."

"I am known simply as Iberville," said the young man quietly; then continued: "My father and myself started away from Quebec with good Nick Perrot, the *courieur de bois*—"

"I know him too," the Governor interrupted. "A scoundrel worth his weight in gold to your Count Frontenac."

"For whose head Count Frontenac has offered gold in his time," answered Iberville, with a smile.

"A very pretty wit!" said old William Drayton, nodding softly towards the girl, who stood casting bright, quizzical glances at the youth over the back of the chair.

Iberville continued: "Six days ago we were set upon by a score or more of your Indians, and might easily have left our scalps in their hands; but as it chanced, my father was wounded, I came off scot-free, and we had at least the pleasure of knowing that we had rid your country of half-a-dozen villains."

The Governor lifted his eyebrows and said nothing. The face of the girl, still looking over the back of the chair, had gone grave.

"It was a question whether Perrot or I should come on with Count Frontenac's messages to your Excellency. Perrot knew the way: I had never been here before. Perrot also knew the Indians better than I."

"But Perrot," said the Governor bluffly, "would only have been the letter-carrier. You are a kind of ambassador. Upon my soul, yes, a kind of ambassador!" he added, apparently enjoying the idea; for, look at it how you would, Iberville was only a boy.

"That is what my father and myself thought," answered Iberville, coolly. "It was necessary that my father should be cared for and protected till his wound was better and he could travel back to Quebec, so we thought it better Perrot should remain with him. A Le Moine had been commissioned to present himself, and a Le Moine has presented himself to your Excellency."

of life in Quebec and Montreal had drawn towards him an amount of attention which had in it as much a promise of the future as an accent of the present. And yet, through it all, he was ever far more inspired by the hand-grasp of a common soldier who had served in the famous Carignan-Salières regiment, or by the greeting and adventurous gossip of such as Du Lhut, Manet, La Durantaye, and, most of all, his staunch friend Perrot, the bushranger and chieftain of the *courreurs de bois*.

Truth is, in the veins of the youth was, first and before all, the strain of war and adventure. Under his tutor, the good Père Dollier de Casson, Iberville had only endured his classics when he came to read of Hector, Achilles, and their kind; and his knowledge of the English language, which his father had sedulously pressed him to learn—for he himself had known the lack of it in his exploits with the Dutch and English traders—only grew in proportion as he was given Shakespere and Raleigh to explore.

Presently the girl laughed up at him. "I have been a great traveller," she said, "and I have ears. I have been as far as Albany, and once south as far as Virginia, with my father, who, perhaps you do not know, is now in England. And they have told me everywhere that all Frenchmen are bold, dark men, with great black eyes and very fine lace and wigs, and a trick of bowing and paying foolish compliments; and are not to be trusted, and will not fight except in the woods, where there are trees to climb. But I see that it is not all true: for you are not dark, your eyes are not big or black, your lace is not much to see, you do not pay compliments—"

"I shall begin now," he interrupted.

"—you must be trusted a little, or Count Frontenac would not send you; and I don't suppose you have yet had time to be very deceitful—you are so young! And—tell me: would you fight if you had a good chance?"

No one of her sex, young or old, had ever talked thus to Iberville. Her demure railing, her fresh frank impertinence, through which there ran a pretty air of breeding, her innocent disregard of formality, without the loss of delicacy, which was noticeable sometimes among the maidens of Canada in their social freedom, all combined to impress him pleasantly—to interest him. He was not so surprised at the elegance and

cleverness of her language, for even in Quebec young girls of her age were skilled in the languages and arts, thanks to the great Bishop Laval and Marie of the Incarnation.

In response to Jessica's last remark, a smile flickered upon Iberville's lips. Iberville had a quick and even fierce temper by nature, but it had never yet been severely tried; and so used was he to looking upon the cheerful side of things, so keen up to this time had been his zest in living, that his vanity where he himself was concerned was not very easily touched. So he said to the girl, looking with a genial dryness: "You will hardly believe it, of course, but I did not fly, and the walking is bad 'twixt here and the Château St. Louis."

"Iroquois traps?" she suggested, with a smile.

"With a trick or two of English bushrangers," was his reply.

Meanwhile Iberville's eye had been wandering from the two men in counsel at the farther window to the garden, into which he and the girl looked. Presently he gave a little start and a low whistle; and his eyelids slightly drooped, giving them a handsome sulkeness. "Is it so?" he said, between his teeth. "Radisson—Radisson, as I live!"

He stood gazing out of the window, apparently oblivious of the girl's presence. He had seen a man cross a corner of the yard. This man was short, dark-bearded, with black lank hair, brass earrings, buckskin leggings, and altogether the typical dress of the French *courreur de bois*. Iberville had only got one glance at his face, but that sinister profile once seen could never be forgotten. Immediately the man passed out of view. The girl had not seen him; she had been watching her companion. Presently she said, her fingers just brushing his sleeve to attract his attention, for he stood gazing at the spot where the man had disappeared: "You actually look now as if you would fight. Oh! fierce—fierce as the Governor when he catches a French spy."

He turned to her and said, with more irony than might have been thought possible to one so young, "Pardon! Now I shall look as pleasant as the Governor when there comes to him a French traitor and deserter."

He spoke purposely in a tone loud enough to be heard by the Governor and his friend. The Governor turned sharply. He had caught surely enough the ring in the tone, that unnecessary enthusiasm of eager youth, and, taking a step towards Iberville, while still holding Count Frontenac's letter poised, he said: "Were your remarks meant for my hearing, Monsieur? Were you speaking of me or of the Governor of Canada?"

"I was thinking of a French traitor called Radisson, and I was speaking of yourself, your Excellency."

The Governor had asked his question in French; the reply was given accordingly.

Both the girl and Councillor Drayton could follow French with difficulty. With her eyes the girl telegraphed a message to her companion in ignorance. The old man touched the Governor's arm. "Let it be in English, if Monsieur is willing; his English is good."

The Governor was angry, but it could be seen that he was trying to hide his anger; first, because he wished to be courteous to the accidental envoy of Count Frontenac, and then because it did not seem dignified to be disturbed by the impeachment of a mere boy. "I must tell you frankly, Monsieur Iberville," he said, "that I do not choose to find a sort of challenge in your words; and I doubt that your father, had he been here, would have used them quite so roundly. But I am for peace and good temper when I can be. I cannot help it if your people, tired of the dominion of Louis of France, come into the good civilised rule of King Charles. As for this man Radisson: what is it you would have?"

Iberville was now well settled back upon his native courage. He swallowed, too, with good grace the rebuke of his impetuosity, and replied with frank directness—"Radisson is an outlaw and proscribed. Once he attempted the life of Count Frontenac. He sold a band of our traders to the Iroquois. He led your Dutch stealthily to intercept the Indians of the west, who were coming down with their year's furs to our merchants at Montreal. There is peace now between your colony and ours. Is it fair to harbour such a scoundrel in your courtyard? It was said up in Quebec, your Excellency, that such men as these have eaten at your table."

During this speech the Governor seemed at first tempted to be choleric; but presently a change passed over him as he fell to admiring the boldness of the youth. In reply he said: "Upon my soul, Monsieur, you are counsel, judge, and jury, all in one; but I think I need not enter into the question with you; for his Excellency, from whom you come, has set forth this same charge here"—he tapped the paper—"and so we will not spoil our good companionship by threshing it out now."

He laughed a little ironically, then added: "And I promise you that Radisson shall neither drink wine nor eat bread with you at my table. And now, come, let us talk awhile together; for, lest any accident should befall the packet which you shall bear, I wish you to carry in your memory, with great distinctness, the terms of my writing to your Governor. I would that it were not to be written, for I hate the quill, and I've seen the time I had rather point my sword in a hot vein than a goose-horn in the ink-pot."

By this time shadows of evening were falling. Out in the west the sun was slipping down behind the hills, leaving the invigorating day with a glamour rosy and radiant, fading away in eloquent gradations to the grey-tinselled softness of the zenith. Something out of the sunset—out of the inconceivable freshness and rude dignity of that new land, so often trailed across with blood and the infamy of traitors—diffused through the room where those four people stood—two young and two old—and made them silent for a moment. Out in the yard a sunach-bush was aflame. Rich tiger-lillies thrust petals over the window-sill, and great lazy flies and king-bees boomed in and out of the open windows. It was almost impossible to believe that before this good land could redeem her promise as the garden of the Lord, her soil must be steeped again and again in the blood of her native races and her adopted children—until at last, after hundreds of years from the time Columbus saluted its sentinel islands in the name of God and the King of Spain, the seal of its glory should be set indebly in the horror and sacrifice of civil war.

The Governor drew his chair to the table and motioned Councillor Drayton and Iberville to a seat. The girl touched the Governor's arm. "And where am I to sit?" she said, demurely.

Colonel Nicholls pursed out his lips and appeared to frown down upon her with great severity. "To sit? Why, in your room, Miss. Tut, tut! you have too much license. If I did not know that your father would be coming any day now to

carry you off, new regulations should be issued. Yes, yes, e'en as I say!" he added, as he saw the laughter in her eyes.

She knew that she could wind the big-mannered, crude-tongued soldier about her smallest finger. She had mastered his household; she was the idol of the settlement; her flexible intelligence not less than her charms—illusing with the first delicate bounty of womanhood—had made him her slave. In a matter of weight or unpleasantness he would not have permitted her to stay; but such deliberations as he would have with Iberville could well bear her presence. He reached out to pinch her cheek, but she deftly tipped back her head, and caught his outstretched fingers in hers. "But where am I to sit?" she persisted.

"Anywhere, then, but at the council-table," was the Governor's response, as he wagged a finger at her, and sat down. The other two sat, and then Jessica, going over, drew herself up on a high stool in the window behind Iberville. He could not see her, and if he thought at all about it, he must have supposed that she could not see him. Yet she could. For, against the side of the window-frame there was a mirror, wherein she could see his face and all the doings at the council-board. She did not listen to the rumble of voices at the table. She fell to studying Iberville. Once or twice she laughed softly to herself.

As she turned so to the window, a man suddenly passed close by and looked in at her. His look was singular, and she started. Something about his face was familiar. She instantly found her mind feeling among past recollections—for even the past of the young stretches away interminable distances. She shuddered, and a troubled look came into her eyes, yet she could not remember. She leaned slightly

softly and swiftly to the door of the room, and passed out. Iberville saw the door close, and then, mystified, turned to the window. Again he saw, and this time nearer to the window, Radisson, and walking with him the man who had so suddenly and peculiarly affected Jessica. Almost unconsciously he associated the two events.

He turned to Colonel Nicholls. "Your Excellency," he said, "will you let me tell Count Frontenac that you have forbidden the renegade Radisson to remain here? For believe me, Sir, there is no greater scoundrel unhung, as you shall find some day, to the hurt of your colony, if you shelter him."

The Governor rose from his seat, and stepped about the room thoughtfully. "He is proclaimed by your Governor?" he said.

"A price is on his head. As a Frenchman I should shoot him like a wolf wherever I saw him; and so I would now from where I stand, were I not in your Excellency's presence and on such an errand as brings me here."

"You speak manfully, Monsieur," said the Governor, not ill-pleased at the youth's spirit, "but how might you shoot him from where you stand? Is he without there?" At this he came forward to where Iberville stood, and looked out. "Who is the fellow with him?" he added suddenly.

"A cut-throat scoundrel, I'll swear, though his face is so idle," said Iberville. "What do you think, Sir?" turning to the Councillor, who now peered between their shoulders.

"As smooth and yet as strange a face as I have ever seen," responded the merchant. "What is his business here, and why does he come with the other rogue? He wishes to speak with your Excellency, I doubt not," he added.

Colonel Nicholls turned to Iberville. "You shall have your way," he said. "Your French renegade was useful to us when we did not know what sudden game was to be played from the Château St. Louis; for, as you can guess, he has friends among other Frenchmen as faithless as himself. But to please Count Frontenac, I will proclaim him."

He reached his stick and tapped upon the floor. He waited a moment, then tapped again. There was no acknowledgment. He opened the door. His Scotch servant and bodyguard was not to be seen. "That's something unusual," he said. Then, immediately, looking round—"Where is our other councillor? Gone?" He laughed. "Faith! I did not see her go. And now we can swear that where the dear witch is will Morris, my Scotsman, be found. Well, well! 'tis such as she that have their way with us whether we will or no. But, here, I'll have your Radisson in at once."

He was about to raise the window to call the men in, when Morris appeared. The Governor, with a little hasty rebuke, ordered Morris to bring Radisson. "And look you, my good Morris," he added, "you may tell Sherlock and Wier to stand in readiness, so that, should I need the show of a firelock they may furnish it."

Morris passed out.

Turning to Iberville, the Governor said, "I hope you will rest with us some days, Monsieur. We have sports and feastings coming on. We are not yet so severe as our good friends in Massachusetts."

"I think I might venture two days with you, Sir—if for nothing else, to see Radisson proclaimed. Count Frontenac would willingly cut a month from his calendar to know that you cease to harbour such a rascal, who can prove no man's friend at any price."

The Governor smiled. "You have a rare taste for challenge and prosecution, Monsieur. To be frank, I will say your gift is rather for war than diplomacy. But upon my soul, if you will permit me, I think no less of you for that."

At that the door opened and Radisson entered with the Scotsman. The keen sinister eyes of the woodsmen travelled from face to face, and then rested fixedly, unpleasantly, on Iberville. He scented trouble and traced it to its source.

Iberville drew back to the window, and, resting his arm on the high stool where Jessica Leveret had sat, waited the result.

Presently the Governor, as if a thought had occurred, rose and came over to Iberville.

"You can understand," said he quietly, "that this man has been used by my people from time to time, and there may be things said which—"

Iberville waved his hand respectfully.

"I understand, your Excellency," he said. "I will go." He went to the door. The woodsmen seemed to know what was about to happen, and as Iberville passed him said—

"There is the old saying of the woods: 'It is mad for the young wolf to trail the old bear!'"

"That is so," rejoined Iberville, with excellent coolness, "unless the wolf holds the spring of the trap."

He then passed into the outer room. Here were two soldiers and the Scotsman. He nodded, and passed into the yard, where he paced up and down for a time. Once he saw a face at a window. It was that of Jessica Leveret. He was astonished to see the change that had passed over it. It wore a grave apprehensive expression, so different from its look when he had first seen her. He fell to wondering about it, but, even as he wondered, his habit of observation rapidly took in every characteristic of the Governor's house, so that, shutting his eyes, he could have reproduced it exactly as it had first been mirrored in his eye. Presently he found himself again associating the man he had seen in Radisson's company with the vague apprehension in the face of the girl. It was an unaccountable association. At last he saw Radisson issuing from the door, between the two soldiers. Radisson turned his head from side to side as he paced away, and presently saw Iberville. He showed his teeth like an animal's; his black brows twitched over his vicious eyes. "There are many ways to hell," he said, "and if you do not travel one you will the other, Monsieur Iberville."

Iberville stood still and answered nothing.

"I will show you the way, Monsieur," continued the woodsmen. "One day, when you think you tread on a wisp of straw it will be the snake with the deadly tooth. You have made an outlaw—take care! When the outlaw is tired of the game he winds it up—quick! and someone pays the price."

Iberville walked slowly up to him. "Radisson," he said, in a low well-controlled tone, "you have always been an outlaw. In the country where we were both born you were a traitor. In this country you continue to be the traitor. I am not sorry for you, for I do not believe you deserve mercy. If you do, prove it. Go back to Quebec. Offer to pay for your crimes with your neck; then Frenchmen will believe in you."

"I will have my hour," said the woodsmen, and started on.

"It's a pity," said Iberville after him, in a low tone: "as fine a woodsman as Nick Perrot, and as infamous as Perrot is famous and worthy."

(To be continued.)



"Go back to Quebec. Offer to pay for your crimes with your neck; then Frenchmen will believe in you."

The Wales
Garden front

Gilbert
White's
Study.

Sundial
Erected by
Gilbert White

The Church
and
Vicarage.

Holland Tingham?

The Plestor



"THE OLD GARDEN SEAT."—BY PAUL WAGNER.

CANADA'S NATAL DAY.

July 1 is a sacred day with every patriotic Canadian, and, like the true Britisher that he is, he makes of it a high day and holiday, winding up with the inevitable banquet. Just twenty-six years ago, Canada entered upon her career as a confederated dominion, and each year sees the anniversary remembered with increasing enthusiasm from Halifax on the Atlantic, to Victoria on the Pacific, while even in London Dominion Day dinner has become one of the settled events of the Anglo-Canadian season. May the day soon come when Australasians and their friends will similarly meet in the metropolis of the Empire to rejoice over the union of isolated and disjointed provinces to form a compact British community!

There is many a lesson to be learned from the struggles through which Canadians had to pass before they entered into federal unity. Above all others is the lesson of patience, and it is one which should not be despised at this moment, when federal movements are on foot in the great outlying portions of the Empire, in Australasia and South Africa, and, in a more vague sense, in the whole of the Queen's dominions. The idea of British North American federation had simmered in the minds of farsighted men long before Sir John Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, and Sir Charles Tupper had been heard of in public affairs. The New England colonists were hopeful in the early days of their independent life that Canada would join their union, and they even included in their Constitution an article authorising her admission. Following out the same hope, a Bill was introduced into Congress on the very eve of Canadian Confederation, providing for the admission of British North America as four separate States, their several public debts being assumed by the Federal Government at Washington. But another ideal had seized the Canadian mind, and each year added to its force. The Duke of Kent was given a glimpse of that ideal when, in 1814, Chief Justice Sewell, of Quebec, submitted to him a plan of federation. A decade later it took shape in the Legislative Council of Upper Canada in a resolution favouring "the union of the four Provinces of British North America under a vice-royalty, with a facsimile of that great and glorious fabric, the best monument of human wisdom, the British Constitution."

Here was the germ of Confederation, but it took forty years to work its way into public favour as a practical measure, and even then it needed the pressure of necessity to bring it to full fruition. Mr. Goldwin Smith was very near the truth when he said that the real father of Confederation was Deadlock. Lord Durham's mission of peace and reconciliation between the two Canadian provinces of Upper and Lower Canada did not realise the hopes to which it gave birth. The political equilibrium had still to be adjusted, for the French and English proved ill-mated yokel fellows. Parliamentary government was, indeed, brought to a standstill. Each province remained, in the words of Lord Monk, the Governor-General of the time, in a fragmentary and isolated condition comparatively powerless for mutual aid and incapable of undertaking its proper share of Imperial responsibility.

Out of such circumstances as these arose two movements. The first, having its origin in the three Maritime Provinces, aimed at a legislative union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and it was to promote such a union that a conference of the three Legislatures was summoned to meet at Charlottetown in September 1864. The second was the far grander movement for the legislative union of the whole of British North America—the consolidation into one State of a country larger than the United States, stretching from Atlantic to Pacific, combining within its limit all the elements of greatness, providing for the security of its component parts, and contributing to the strength and stability of the Empire. This was the dream that had filled the mind of Sir John Macdonald and some of his associates, and the assembly of the Charlottetown Conference seemed to open up a way for its immediate realisation, and offer an escape from the political deadlock at home. So, as one of the Maritime spokesmen expresses it, "the Canadians descended upon us at Charlottetown, and before they were three days among us we forgot our own scheme

and thought only about theirs." In fact, the grander hope of Confederation swallowed the smaller one of Maritime union, as Aaron's serpent of old swallowed all the others. The Charlottetown Conference of September was succeeded by the Quebec Conference of October 1864, and here, in the presence of representatives of both parties from each of the four provinces, Confederation took the shape of a distinct scheme.

So far the negotiations had run comparatively smoothly. Now came the battle of the polling booths. Upper and Lower Canada, under the zealous leadership of Sir George Cartier and Sir John Macdonald, accepted the scheme gladly. With the Maritime Provinces it was different. Here were experienced those difficulties which federal movements must always face, and which are in inverse ratio to the size of the provinces to be federated. To these outlying sections of British North America the scheme seemed too big, too ambitious, and far less safe than a simple union among themselves. New Brunswick, however, succumbed to the persuasiveness of its federal leader, now its Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Leonard Tilley; and Nova Scotia, after many a battle, also yielded to the zealous advocacy of Dr., now Sir Charles, Tupper, Canada's High Commissioner in England. So, at length, the federal movement carried all purely local and sectional opposition with it, and on July 1, 1867, the Dominion of Canada started upon the career mapped out for her in the memorable conferences held during the previous December in the Westminster Palace Hotel, which has this year been fitly chosen as the scene of the Dominion Day celebration. Three years later the Hudson's Bay territories in the North-West were purchased, and

North American federation of States. John Abbott, one of these signatories, became Premier of the Dominion; his colleague, Alexander Galt, occupied the position of High Commissioner in England for the Dominion, and became a warm friend of the Imperial Federation movement; Edward Blake, a dubious supporter of the federal movement, came to take a leading part in Dominion affairs, and now has his place in the Imperial Parliament; and even Joseph Howe, the uncompromising enemy of the entry of Nova Scotia into confederation, found a seat within the Federal Cabinet. Problems have no doubt yet to be faced. The world-wide strain of competition, the pressure of high tariffs, the demand for larger markets, the need for more workers—these suggest some of the difficulties still to be met in Canada as in all new countries. But Canada is better able to grapple with them now than she was a quarter of a century ago, for she has established for herself a name among the nations for enterprise and all that goes to make up a progressive nationality.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. Thomas Mozley, who has died at an advanced age, was one of a very remarkable family. He had not the profundity of his brother, Professor James Mozley, nor the delicate insight of his sister Anne, who wrote what George Eliot considered the best of all the criticisms of "Adam Bede." But he had gifts of his own, rarer at the time when his activity was greatest than they are now. He was a born journalist. Everything connected with the business of literature was pleasant to him, and he had the keen, observant interest in men and events which is a natural faculty and

can hardly be acquired. The *Times* found in him one of its ablest and most graphic contributors for many years. It is, perhaps, not a very gracious thing to say, for Mozley was a scholar and a man of culture, but it is true that as a journalist he reminded one of the late James Grant, of the *Morning Advertiser*. He had the same raciness and copiousness, and what may be called, in a good-natured way, audacity.

But, with all Mozley's liking for the press, the pulpit also—or, rather, the parish—drew him strongly, and after a long interval he found his way to Plymtree in Devon, where he spent many of his later years as rector. His keen intellect busied itself with high theological questions to the very end. But his best literary memorial is, without doubt, his "Reminiscences of Oriel." His last days were spent cheerfully in Cheltenham, where he retained his vigour of mind, although his memory was

somewhat impaired. It is characteristic that "he would never place faith in health tonics; and drugs, quinine, &c., he condemned utterly as depriving a man of his natural power of will and virile independence of mind and action."

We have also to lament the death of Canon Ellerton, who had only reached his sixty-sixth year. He was one of the most eminent hymn writers and hymnologists in the Church of England. His best known piece is probably "Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise," which is to be found in many hymnals, and "Throned upon the awful tree" is scarcely less well known. Mr. Ellerton was Rector of Barnes from 1876 to 1886. Since the latter date, he had been Rector of White Roding. He died at Torquay.

The Primitive Methodists report a year of great prosperity—increases in every department. They have put the training of their theological students largely in the hands of an eminent Oxford scholar, Mr. Arthur S. Peake, late Fellow of Merton College, who is a minister of the denomination. The profit on publications reached the respectable sum of £3360, being 12½ per cent., and this in spite of the rise in wages and the sharp competition.

The jubilee of the Lancashire Independent College has been celebrated. Dr. Fairbairn of Oxford delivered an address in which he insisted on the importance of an educated ministry. In Germany he thought that learning and piety were not sufficiently conjoined in the work of the ministry, the sermons preached being poor in intellectual quality. The most successful theological colleges were in Scotland. Men there came to study theology after a sound literary training. The growth of the feeling that preachers should be well educated is very noticeable. The truth is, the general culture of audiences has been allowed to get beyond the equipment of the ordinary minister, and lost ground must be made good.



THE NEW PARLIAMENT HOUSES AT OTTAWA.

GIVING UP THINGS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Life is a long process of giving things up, and it is not always easy to say whether things and pursuits abandon us or whether we relinquish them. Looking back on memories of childhood, it seems as if no one would, of free will, turn his back on "hide and seek," as played in overgrown grounds of a country place, with occasional excursions into the fields and river-sides. Yet hide and seek slips away from us as cricket and football assume their sway; we do not think about giving it up, but find, some holiday, that it no longer charms. Then football and cricket themselves have to be declined with a more conscious effort—football, usually, after an accident; cricket, because of the cares of this world. If we do not keep in practice, and yet take a hand in a match now and then, we find that we are not asked to bowl; that if we do bowl there is no life in the ball—it is as dead as a dumpling, and has a way of going wide to leg. At the wicket we get our nails broken, in the near fields we are cut over, from the fields "in the country" we cannot throw, and if we do make hits, the exertion of a dozen runs almost takes away our breath. It is time to be "proverbed with a gransire phrase; to be a candleholder and look on." This is a very sad time of giving up: apparently, it will never come to Mr. Grace at all, and a new century will still find him compiling plenty of his "centuries"—unhasting, unresting. Shooting abides much longer with a man; and cover-shooting, or the shooting of driven grouse, may abide with him while he can see, with or without the aid of spectacles. Hunting, also, degenerates so gradually that Nestors may be, and often are, Nimrods, these sportsmen being healthy men of sound constitutions. There is one pastime which some give up without a sigh, while others never give it up at all, and a third sort fill reams with their lamentations in prose and verse. That is the diversion of making love. It is a curious thing to reflect on that great Jove himself, the amorous Zeus, must, one day or other, have abandoned his old practice of "putting the comether," as Terence Mulvaney says, on the daughters of men. After the Dorian invasion, say 1000 B.C. or so, mortals had no longer to dread this formidable rival. Only the river Tweed, of all the river gods, remained true to old times, and became ancestor of the Tweedies during the Crusades, when a married Border knight was in Palestine. The other gods, with what feelings we may imagine, abandoned flirtation, except Venus's passing *toquade* for the knight Tannhäuser. The Devil, if we may believe the confessions of witches, carried on the business still, but in a fashion destitute of romance or delicacy..

As for men (of ladies we know nothing), some subside, with a delightful sense of tranquillity, into the haven of marriage. They hang up the torch in the temple of Hymen, and are thankful that their trials are over, and that there need be no more "complications" with young women. Others observe with regret that they have become absolutely uninteresting to the fair: not that they really want to flirt, but it is just like not being asked to go on to bowl, and sent to short leg for life. Other fatuous persons may be seen smirking around young women who regard them as prosy patriarchs. They dye their wisps of hair, they dress like young men: they have not learned to abandon the *Arts Amatoria*, or to let it leave them as the Dawn deserted Tithonus when his locks were grey: poor Tithonus, who knew nothing of hair-dyes. Others again are, at all ages, for one reason or another, still the object of pursuit by the impassioned fair, and we see a Tithonus of seventy embarrassed by the caresses of a Dawn of twenty-five. Nobody, perhaps, can blame the old gentleman; we merely marvel at the constancy of his fair pursuers. Ladies of quality tried to inveigle Scott, after his locks were as lyart as the snows on Dinlay Hill. I believe that it was Miss Stewart, of fifteen, who insisted on marrying John Knox, at sixty. The Reformer was blamed, even by his admirers, but he was weak, or good-natured, and was led, a senile victim, to the altar. His foes said he had magic arts, and was a Presbyterian Casanova, so devoted were ladies to this "auld decrepit creature of base degree." He seems never to have given up making love, or, at least, being made love to. About the amorous adventures of his youth we know nothing—perhaps there were none. In his antiquity ladies—even married ladies like Mrs. Bowes—left him no peace. The dyed and padded devotee of Aphrodite may envy him, but the wiser majority feel that in these too late anxieties there was nothing to envy.

Our natures all through life are what they were from the cradle. We can desert nothing without regret except, perhaps, lawn-tennis. It is a delicious thing to be able to say, firmly, that we are too old for that hot and irritating pastime: to lie in a hammock and see people making faults and making fools of themselves. Two things men seem never to need to give up: politics and golf. Mr. Hodge, I think, has drawn a moral picture of "approaching the last hole": the feeble, grey, gaunt sportsman riding a pony to the ultimate flag. This is carrying things too far. Even golf we should relinquish when we need to travel between the holes on a shooting pony of great age. Whatever else abandons us, the pleasure of looking on does not: from the pavilion we see most of the game, and live again in the prowess of a later generation. Life, too, becomes most tranquil and not least desirable, when we merely look on, with friendly eyes, without envy or thought of competition. One sorrow men know not—Nature keeps all her worst things for women: men have not to abandon the pleasures of the mirror!

CHESS.

REV. A. W. S. A. Row (West Drayton).—Your amended position shall be examined.

G DENMAN.—Too easy for our use.

MRS. W. J. BAIRD.—Contributions very acceptable.

W. R. RAILLEM.—We fear your indictment is too true. The move you give is not the author's.

DAWN (Dulwich).—No; because the check of Q at K R 4th wins a piece in two more moves. Your friend was quite correct.

M. BURKE (Marylebone).—There are several codes, but we prefer that in Staunton's "Praxis."

J. C. DUNCAN (Hackney).—Healey's Problems are long since out of print; J. B. of Bridport's, the same; "English Chess Problems" we are not sure about.

J. WATSON.—Your problem is correct and neat enough, but the idea is very old and well known.

J. F. MOON.—Thanks for problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2561 received from B. K. Roy (Darjeeling) and R. Syer (San Jose); of No. 2563 from Jno. M. Nelson (Tukia, Miss.); of No. 2534 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), Jno. M. Nelson and Medicus (Philadelphia); of No. 2565 from Shadforth and E. G. Boys; of No. 2566 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Howich, E. G. Boys, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and T. S. H.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2557 received from J. Ross (Whitley), W. R. Raillem, E. Loudon, A. W. Hamilton-Gell, W. Wright, Shadforth, M. A. Eyre (Boulogne), Martin F. Dr. Goldsmith, A. E. McC (Kingstown), L. Desanges, T. Roberts, C. M. A. B., John Hodgson (Maidstone), A. H. B., A. Newman, E. Emmerton, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), T. G. (Ware), W. P. Hind, H. S. Brandreth, Dr. F. St., J. F. Moon, G. Joicey, E. W. Burnell (Shepton Mallet), R. H. Brooks, Dawn, B. Eyre (Torquay), J. Hall, M. Burke, S. W. Sutton (Reading), E. E. H. Clapham, A. T. Frogatt (Kilkenny), Stirrings (Rams-gate), Sorrento (Dawlish), C. Hitchcock, M. B., J. Christie, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. J. Habgood (Haslar), G. T. Hughes (Athy), J. Dixon, C. E. Perugini, Edward Bygott (Sandbach), and F. O. Simpson (Liverpool).

* * * This problem admits of a commonplace solution by 1. R to Kt 4th.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2566.—BY W. BIDDLE.

WHITE. BLACK.

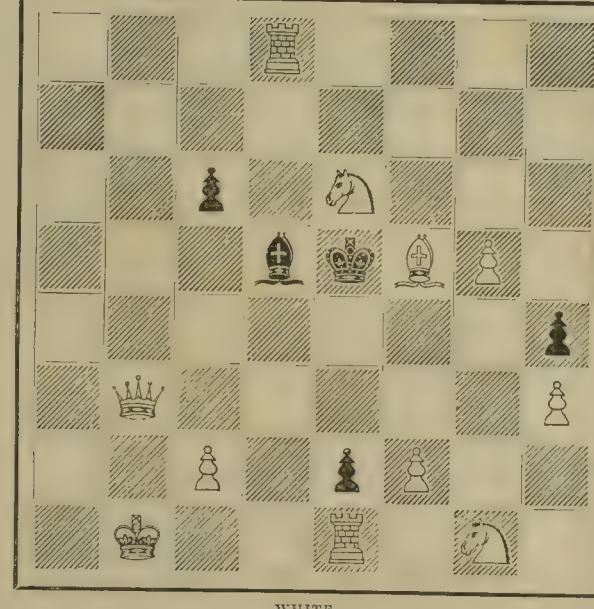
1. Q to Kt 6th K to Q 5th
2. Q to Kt 3rd K moves
3. Q mates

If Black play 1. K takes B, 2. Q to B 7th, K moves; 3. Q to B 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM NO. 2569.

BY CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

The following game between PRINCE DADIEN (of Mingrelia) and M. DE SMITTEN is taken from the *New York Tribune*. The notes are by Mr. Steinmetz, condensed.

(Indian Opening.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
(M. de S.)	(Prince D.)	(M. de S.)	(Prince D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	18. Kt to Kt 2nd	Q to R 4th
This move gives the title to the opening, being a favourite one with prominent Brahmin players.		19. B to K 2nd	Q to R 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 3rd	20. R to B 3rd	B to B sq
3. B to Q 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	21. R to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th
4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 4th	22. R (B sq) to B 3rd	
5. B to K 3rd			
The Pawns ought to have been exchanged, the benefit to White being the freedom of his own Q B and the comparative isolation of the adverse K B.			
6. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	23. P takes R	Q to Kt 3rd
7. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th	24. R to B 5th	P to K R 4th
8. Castles	Kt takes B		
9. P takes Kt	Castles	25. R to B sq	P to K B 4th
10. Kt to R 3rd	P to Kt 3rd		
11. Kt to B 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	26. P takes P	Kt takes B P
This development of the Q B is of questionable value.		27. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt takes R
12. Q R to K sq	Q to Q 2nd	28. P takes Kt	B to K R 3rd
13. P to Q 5th	Kt to K 2nd	29. R to K sq	B to B 4th
14. P to B 4th	P to K B 3rd	30. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 5th
Black here tempers his old-fashioned dash with some modern preparatory tactics.		31. Q to Q sq	R to B 6th
15. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to B 2nd	Black at last has an opportunity for his skill, and does not fail to seize it.	
16. R to K 2nd	Q R to K B sq	32. K to R 2nd	R to B 7th, Black wins.
17. R (K 2nd) to B 2nd	Q to Kt 5th		

The next meeting of the Counties Chess Association is proposed to be held at Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire, where it is hoped the attractions of the place otherwise may secure a good attendance. The association itself has not had a flourishing existence of late, although it has done good work, and a little more interest in its proceedings might well be taken by amateurs generally. No other organisation affords local champions an opportunity of testing their strength against the whole country, and for this reason we trust the proposed meeting may receive the hearty support of our leading clubs.

According to the latest news from New York, preparations are all but complete for holding an international tournament in that city during the month of September. The prizes will amount to 4000 dollars, and the winner will also receive a gold medal, the gift of President Cleveland. England will be probably represented by Messrs. Mason, Blackburne, Gunsberg, and Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland invite the following particulars of club secretaries for the "Chess Players' Annual and Club Directory": Town, club name, year established, place of meeting, days, hours, number of members, annual subscription, laws, president, hon. secretary's name and address. The work will be ready book of reference on almost all subjects of interest to chess-players, and will be published by the British Chess Company, Stroud.

The *Bristol Mercury* announces an international problem tourney for direct mates, divided into three sections, for two-movers, three-movers, and four-movers. Problems that have been published before and found unsound are not excluded, provided that the necessary alteration is made by the original composer. Nine large sets of Staunton chessmen are offered as prizes.

The following problem is by S. Loyd (New York). Correct solutions will be acknowledged d—

White: K at K B 8th, Q at Q R 4th, R at K R sq and Q Kt 2nd, B at Q 3rd and Q R 3rd, Kt at K Kt 2nd and K R 3rd, P at K 2nd, K B 3rd, K Kt 3rd and K R 4th.

Black: K at Q B 8th, Q at K R 3rd, B at K Kt 2nd and Q Kt 2nd, R at Q sq, P at K B 2nd, K R 2nd, Q B 2nd, Q Kt 3rd, and Q R 2nd.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Civilisation, it has been aptly remarked, has evolved diseases all its own. What are called "industrial diseases," affecting the workers in particular trades, are, of course, the outcome of our social progress and advance. The happy savage knows nothing of needle-grinder's lung or caisson-disease, and is equally ignorant of phosphorus-poisoning (happily averted by chemical improvements in match-making) and of railway spine. The latest addition to our list of these trade-ailments of which I have heard is "peach fever." From an account of this new disease, I learn that it is seen in persons engaged in the fruit-packing industry in Maryland and Delaware. The cause of the disease is contact with peaches as they are gathered and packed. Dr. Anderson, of Hagerstown, Maryland, has been investigating the ailment. He tells us that this fever is marked by skin irritation, and by lung disturbance, with a high temperature. The exact cause is found in the pubescence or delicate bloom on the peach. What seems to me to resemble a description of hay fever comes on, and there is asthma besides. The skin-eruption is peculiar, and may be of rather extensive and irritating kind.

Probably the theory is that some germ or other residing in the peach-bloom is at the root of the mischief. A curious observation is made on the fact that it is the common peach which is the chief offender. All varieties do not seem to possess these irritant properties, and, as might be expected, all the workers are not equally affected. The ailment does not seem to be infectious, and, after a time, the workers cease to be liable to attack. We should hear more about this curious "peach fever," which is not, of course, to be confounded with "rose cold" or hay fever, both of these latter ailments being produced by the inhaling of pollen of the rose and grasses respectively; rose fever being also said to be sometimes brought on by the mere scent of the flower. In this latter case, however, we might well credit the dried pollen with exciting the symptoms.

Accounts of snakes coming to places where their mates have been killed continue to reach me from the furthest parts of the earth. This question, I think, was fully threshed out in these pages some time ago. The fact appears to be well established that snakes do seek out by some means or other their slaughtered neighbours. I note that an additional instance of this fact has been recorded in the *Pioneer Mail*. A large cobra was killed by Colonel Ilderton in his bungalow compound at Dinapore. He had the skin stuffed and preserved. Since that event eight full-grown cobras have been killed in the compound, and it is added that one of them was found sitting up, with erect hood, "contemplating the house where the remains of its preserved friend were." This is a singular and interesting attitude for the snake to have adopted. Every snake, when caught, was found making for the bungalow, and most of them showed fight when surprised. The last two came together, and were killed by Colonel Ilderton as they advanced up the carriage drive. No cobras, it is added, have been seen elsewhere on the station. An old belief exists, I think, in India, that the "king" of the cobras, if killed, is persistently sought after by his subjects. The cobra first killed is described as "very large"; probably, therefore, this may have been the father of the flock, and a family feud against the destroyer may have been started by his followers as a kind of tribute to his memory. Patriarchal rights may, for aught we know, be represented in cobra life as in higher circles.

A few weeks ago I wrote of the plague of voles which has been annoying the south of Scotland farmers for some time past. I then alluded to the idea that there might be some law of periodical increase among these animals, as among the Norwegian lemmings. Alluding to this point, a correspondent writes that in the mountains of British Columbia a peculiar periodical increase is noted in the case of the rabbits inhabiting that region. My correspondent says it is a confirmed belief that the rabbits increase up to the sixth or seventh year, and then die in such numbers that in the following year they are scarcely to be seen at all. A subsequent increase takes place, culminating in a like decrease after six or seven years. It is added that this fact is mentioned at some length in Mr. Pike's book, "The Barren Ground of Northern Canada"—a work with which, unfortunately, I am not acquainted. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to add to our information, respecting the periodical increase of these and other species of animals.

The Orissa twin sisters are being exhibited as I write, at the Westminster Aquarium, London. These two girls are four years old, and remind us of the "Double-headed Nightingale," and the Siamese twins. They are perfectly formed children, save that they are joined together from the level of the lower part of the breast-bone downwards to nearly the middle of the abdomen; the link being about four inches in length, and about two inches in width. This connecting band is quite flexible, and permits of the free movement of each of the united bodies. It seems that the band above is of a cartilaginous or gristly material, like the lower cartilage of the breastbone itself, but it is difficult to ascertain whether it contains any organs or parts in its lower limits. The children are said to feel hungry at the same time, and, as a rule, when one is ill, the other is similarly affected. Curious as are all such "freaks" of nature, one cannot avoid a feeling of commiseration for the beings who have to spend their existence in this anomalous condition. The children look intelligent, and are said to be of a singularly happy and contented disposition.

Cases of poisoning by tainted food have of late been somewhat numerous. Whether this is due in part to the warmth of the season or not is a matter difficult to decide. Nor is it possible, I fear, to suggest any preventive measures, except the one advice—to avoid tinned meats, pies, and like provisions altogether. It is certain, at least, that the evil effects are due either to the poisonous ptomaines generated in the meat or to actual germ-action itself. Be that as it may, the lesson conveyed is one of care in the purity and preparation of all such foods, and of seeing that none are used after being kept too long, or, in the case of tinned meats, after exposure to the air.

ART NOTES.

The Home Arts and Industries Association, which has just held its annual exhibition of work at the Albert Hall, should attract a far larger share of attention than it generally obtains. It affords the only opportunity of gauging, even approximately, the value of the technical instruction which is being given by the State and by private enterprise, and at the same time it suggests where and under what conditions special branches of art most readily bring forth fruit. On the present occasion upwards of a hundred schools contributed specimens of their various arts, not, indeed, in the spirit of emulation—except in the sense of appealing to possible purchasers. This policy on the part of the Association may be wise, but it is a trifle sordid, and we should be glad to see a system of awards by competent judges substituted for the existing practice, which must in the course of time lead to unhealthy competition and underselling. Of the various schools which are affiliated to the Association the Alexandra Technical School at Sandringham sends the greatest variety of original designs—in brass, iron, and woodwork—and it would be of advantage to the other schools to know how this result has been attained. In the majority of cases, although the work is good in itself, the design has been "adapted"—which is merely a euphemism for "copied." The Irish needlework is apparently an exception to this rule, but it would be difficult to say to what extent the patterns and designs are in their case traditional. Among the London schools, Oxford House (Bethnal Green) and Chiswick are conspicuous for wood-carving; St. Philip's, Stepney, for inlaid work; and Thomas Street, Limehouse, for hammered iron and brass work. In the provinces the Keswick School of Industrial Art and Crowborough (Sussex) show the best metal work; Abbots Kerswell and Kirby Lonsdale are distinguished by their pottery; Leighton Buzzard by its embossed and stamped leather work; Datchet and Garryhill (county Carlow) by embroidery and needlework; Holyhead, Sandbach, and Ragley by wood-carving.

The plaintive cry of the bewildered student of our national art collections comes at a time when the many sounds of the season's revelry are likely to make it unheeded. It is, however, a matter which should concern students, cognoscenti, and even economists. It is worse than useless to heap up treasures of art with no more method than is to be found in an old curiosity shop—as is now the case at the British Museum and—though to a less extent—at South Kensington. Those who have visited the admirably arranged collections at the Louvre, the Cluny Museum, and the Trocadéro, can realise the truth of the saying, "They order these things better in France." The student there has no difficulty in following the historical development of each branch of art, and can without loss of time concentrate his attention upon the period in which he is interested. The approval evoked by the systematic arrangement of pictures at our National Gallery showed that we also in this country appreciate method in art, and it is little less than a public scandal that the

chaos which prevails in our other art collections should be allowed to continue. At South Kensington the limited space is, perhaps, a partial excuse for the existing state of affairs; but at the British Museum, where several new rooms have been recently added, better order should prevail.

The Print Room of the British Museum, however, must be excepted from the general censure freely and justly applied to other departments. Under the present management its treasures have not only been placed within the reach of students, but its contents are in a fair way to be properly catalogued. The first volume of an "Index of Artists" just published reflects the highest credit on the compiler, Mr. Lionel Cust, who occupies a miserably paid post of great responsibility. This volume deals with the works of the Dutch, Flemish, and German masters who are represented in our national collection by etchings, engravings, wood-cuts, and other varieties of original design or of studies for or from painted pictures. It is difficult to estimate too highly the value of Mr. Cust's patient labour, but all who for pleasure or instruction devote themselves to the study of pictorial art will be grateful for the help afforded by this scholarly and accurate volume. It will be followed in due course by a companion volume dealing with French and Italian art, and, together, these two volumes—if the second be as satisfactory as the one now published—will form the most complete index of foreign artists in the English language. It is to be hoped that Mr. Sidney Colvin, under whose supervision the work is published, and to whom the credit of having "vivified" the Department of Prints and Drawings is justly due, will find some assistant as capable as Mr. Cust to deal with the draughtsmen of the English School.

Not the least interesting feature of the Spitzer sale was the accuracy with which its value had been fixed before the sale by the official expert. On a total of over nine millions of francs, his valuation differed from the amount realised by less than 100,000f. The honours of the sale were, by all accounts, carried off by Mr. George Salting, whose magnificent collection has at various times been lent to the South Kensington Museum, and will now be reckoned among the most important in either Europe or America. A good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at the secrecy observed by the agents of the English and German museums. The representatives of the Louvre, Cluny, and the Bibliothèque Nationale made their bids openly, and found no reason to regret their course of action; for they admit that not only their fellow-countrymen stood aside, but even Mr. Salting withdrew from the contest when he saw that he was in competition with the French national collections. Mr. Salting's chief purchases include two wonderful specimens of Caffagiolo ware—the equestrian figure in bronze by Riccio—and the "dressoir d'Annecy," one of the most remarkable specimens of sixteenth-century carved work. It is to be hoped that the English public will have an opportunity of appreciating these acquisitions, by which the art treasures of this country have been so materially increased.

STORIES OF OLD VIRGINIA.

In Ole Virginia: Marse Chan and other Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Ward, Lock, Bowden, and Co.)—To such as suffer dialect gladly this collection of stories must be a joy for ever; while even the goodly company of the prejudiced and the supine might find it well worth while to overcome the very trifling difficulties presented by Darkie vernacular. At the first blush it gives an impression of obscurity, but this wears off entirely after the perusal of a few pages, while the homely charm of the diction, and the picturesqueness, sometimes rising to dramatic power of expression, make more than amends for a stumble at starting.

This new edition of "In Ole Virginia" forms the latest number of the Warwick House Library. It is prefaced with a deftly written introductory note by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who is almost eulogistic in his comments. Essentially Southern in spirit, yet with no suggestion of partisanship or surviving bitterness, Mr. Nelson Page's stories are full of the poetry of old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago. They show us the South, at its best, maybe, but certainly as it must have been, somewhere and some time. In the most convincing manner they set forth anew the old glories, the old sorrows, the old romance of Southern life, with all its extinguished splendours, its gay and generous atmosphere, so lamentably darkened by tragedy; the idyllic side of Southern existence laid waste by warfare. "Like a field reaped and gleaned, like a church where no man comes to pray" are the stately homesteads and the broad lands through which we pass at the author's bidding. An invincible melancholy—subtle, penetrating, and most tenderly human withal—pervades most of the book. The temptation to be maudlin had been too much for nine writers out of ten; but Mr. Nelson Page is an artist, and he fails neither by sentimentality nor strenuousness. Of humour there is no lack, while as for pathos (which cannot for long support an existence separate from humour), suffice it to say that a story, Southern in sympathy, which could draw tears, even on second hearing, from so ardent an Abolitionist as Henry Ward Beecher, must be moving indeed. And thus it was with "Marse Chan," the first and one of the best of the six stories in the book. But all are good, and very good—"Unc' Edinburgh's Droundin'" is well-nigh as pathetic as "Marse Chan" itself; "Meh Lady" could hardly be better in its way; "No Haid Pawn" would have been a monarch among bogie-tales if only Mr. Page had taken a little more pains with the finish; while "Polly" is a blithe and engaging idyll.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, on June 24, Mr. Justice Stirling made an order for the disposal of the heirlooms, valuable pictures, statues, bronzes, jewellery, and other works of art, and furniture, in the mansion of Savernake, Wilts, which has been purchased, with the estate, by Lord Iveagh, from the Marquis of Ailesbury. The custody of the articles in question is to be divided between Lord Henry Bruce and Lady Mabel Sievier, sister of the Marquis.

MAPLE & CO
LIMITED
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W
THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD



The AMERSHAM DRAWING ROOM SUITE, consisting of Settee, two Easy, four Occasional, and two Chalet Chairs, in carved dark mahogany, well upholstered in rich Silk Tapestry, £18 10s.

EXTRA.—Carved dark mahogany Cabinet, enriched with shaped bevelled silvered plates, cupboard lined silk plush, silvered plate at back, and glass shelf, £11 5s. Overmantel, with eight shaped and bevelled silvered plates, £6 7s. 6d. 3 ft. Centre Table, with shaped top, six legs, and undershelf, £2 17s. 6d.

DECORATIONS

DECORATIONS

ABOUT OUR HOMES

ABOUT OUR HOMES

Containing much interesting matter about Decorations, Decorative Materials, and Sanitary Work, Post Free on application.

FURNITURE

DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE

MAPLE and CO are now exhibiting a unique Selection of DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE of the periods Louis XV. and XVI., comprising some very fine reproductions of the best examples from the Palaces at Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Louvre, and Le Grand Trianon, including Cabinets, Tables, Mirrors, Showcases, Music Cabinets, Commodes, Writing Tables, as well as elegant Novelties in Inlaid Woods, with Vernis-Martin decorations.

FURNITURE

DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE

MAPLE and CO are showing with the above numerous Novelties in Carved Mahogany and Inlaid Rosewood Suites, Elbow and other Chairs and Settees in new and quaint shapes, as well as Music, China, and other Cabinets, and Writing Tables, all of which are marked at most moderate prices. Some interesting specimens in Chinese and Japanese Cabinets are also now on show.

SILK CURTAINS

DRAWING ROOM CURTAINS

MAPLE and CO have all the latest productions in rich Silken and other materials for Curtains, Draperies, and Furniture Coverings on show. In the PURE SILKEN DAMASKS, which are usually in self-colourings, many novel effects have been obtained by a combination of two and three harmonising shades. These are in excellent taste, and sure to be appreciated.

SILK TAPESTRIES

DRAWING ROOM CURTAINS

MAPLE and CO have also on show all the new SILK and SILK and WOOL TAPESTRIES, amongst which are many novel and agreeable combinations of soft colourings especially suitable for upholstering furniture. The largest and most complete assortment of Tapestries in London. Patterns free.

PERSIAN CARPETS

DRAWING ROOM CARPETS

MAPLE and CO invite attention to an Importer's Stock of PERSIAN CARPETS which they are selling at about one half the prices usually charged. These Carpets, though quaint and even eccentric in pattern, are in excellent taste, and will resist the hardest wear. Sizes range from 9 ft. to 22 ft. long. As follow are a few examples—

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
10 6	by 9 0	5 0 0	12 3	by 9 2	7 0 0
10 7	by 7 4	5 0 0	12 3	by 9 2	9 15 0
10 10	by 8 1	5 10 0	13 7	by 11 3	9 15 0
11 7	by 7 11	5 6 9	14 5	by 10 7	8 18 0
11 1	by 9 5	6 10 0	14 5	by 10 10	9 15 0

NEZOOM CARPETS

DRAWING ROOM CARPETS

MAPLE and CO'S NEZOOM CARPETS (Registered) are now on show, in all the new patterns and colourings. These carpets, being of the finest quality, and made entirely without seam or join, will wear admirably, and all waste in matching is avoided. As follow are representative sizes and prices—

ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.
10 6	by 9 0	3 12 6	13 6	by 10 0	5 4 0
12 0	by 9 0	4 2 6	12 0	by 11 0	5 2 0
13 6	by 9 0	4 12 6	13 0	by 11 0	5 10 0
11 0	by 10 0	4 5 0	14 0	by 11 0	5 18 0
12 0	by 10 0	4 12 6	15 0	by 11 0	6 7 6

"UNDER OUR FEET," the best guide to the choice of Carpets and Floor Coverings, post free.

"U.K. Tea Co.'s Teas are Enjoyed by Millions."

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY

LIMITED.

OFFICES: 21, MINCING LANE, LONDON, E.C.

TEA MERCHANTS TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.TEA MERCHANTS TO
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"The Lancet" says:
"These Teas are carefully and
judiciously blended by Machinery;
they yield the best results; they are
genuine and carefully prepared."

E. TETLEY, Esq.
J. E. TETLEY, Esq.
J. FISH, Esq., J.P.

W. H. TETLEY, Esq.
J. LAYTON, Esq.

"Health" says:
"Invalids as well as those in health
may enjoy drinking these pure Teas
without the least fear of injurious
effects."

1. The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, are the Largest Suppliers in the Kingdom of Tea Direct to the Consumer, the Company's out-turn amounting to many Tons' weight of Tea daily.

2. The Directors save all the profits of the "MIDDLEMEN," and give the Consumer the Benefit of First Hand Trading.

ADVANTAGES:

3. They guarantee the Company's Teas to be absolutely pure, and the best that money can buy at the respective prices.

4. They ask the Public to taste any one of the different kinds against those sold in the ordinary way at a Shilling a Pound more money, and to judge for themselves.

SUPERB TEA!

DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO CONSUMER.

EFFECTING AN IMMENSE SAVING IN COST

No. 1.

1/- a lb.

Of excellent
quality.

No. 2.

1/3 a lb.

Thoroughly
good Tea.

No. 3.

1/6 a lb.

Of great strength and
fine quality.

No. 4.

1/9 a lb.

The May pickings,
covered with Bloom.

No. 5.

2/- a lb.

Highly recommended as a
most Delicious Tea.DELIVERED ANYWHERE in the Kingdom,
CARRIAGE PAID.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES, and Book on Tea, Forwarded Free
(Please mention which of the above Teas you wish to taste),
BETTER STILL, send TRIAL ORDER: you will be
ASTONISHED at the AMAZING VALUE, and your future
custom will be UNFAILINGLY SECURED.

There is no more trouble in
obtaining these Teas than in
buying from the ordinary Retailer.

You have simply to send your Order by
Post, and on the day following receipt of
same the Teas you select are Delivered at
your own Doors, anywhere in the Kingdom,
Carriage Paid. They are packed in useful
Canisters or Chests without any charge.
You have absolutely nothing more whatever
to pay beyond the prices quoted. You will
find the DELICIOUS QUALITY and Flavour
to be even beyond your expectations; your
CUP of TEA will be the LUXURY of the
DAY; and you will wonder why you have not
dealt with the U. K. Tea Co. years ago!

THE PRICES TOO, ARE ABOUT ONE-THIRD LESS
THAN THOSE USUALLY CHARGED.

THOUSANDS OF
PACKAGES
SENT OUT DAILY!!

Tea for Distribution packed in $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, or 1-lb. Bags,
without charge.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT. U. K. Tea Co. have
Special Arrangements with the Customs Authorities,
and with Forwarding Agents, for Despatching
their Teas, Under Bond, to any part of the
World, at Rates which include all charges for
Packing, Bonding, Shipping, Insurance, Foreign
Duty, and Carriage to Destination.

Customers Abroad thus ordering, have absolutely
nothing more whatever to pay beyond these
Special Rates quoted on Foreign Price List; sent
Post Free on application.



PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS OF HOTELS,
HOSPITALS, PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, CLUBS,
MESSES, CANTEENS, SCHOOLS, &c., &c.,
WILL FIND IT IMMENSELY TO THEIR
ADVANTAGE USING THE U.K. TEA CO.'S TEAS.

All Packages invariably bear, as a Guarantee of Quality, the Company's
Registered Trade Mark, as above.

Everyone who knows the Luxury of a Delicious Cup of Tea Deals with
THE UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LONDON.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

The surprises of Home Rule are infinite. Mr. Gladstone rises one afternoon with an official document, and calmly transforms the whole financial aspect of his Bill. A trifling blunder of some three hundred and sixty thousand pounds in the Inland Revenue Office had compelled him to make a different provision, and he took the opportunity of making a complete change. The Serjeant, who goes to the pantomime at Christmas, said it reminded him of the taps of the harlequin's wand on the side of a house, followed by the unfolding of a whole series of placards which were not there before. Mr. Gladstone taps his Bill, and queer, unexpected things start up all over it. For six years Ireland is to have no control over existing taxation, and even at the end of that time she is to be powerless to touch customs, excise, and the Post Office. This new restriction of Irish liberties, which grow small by degrees and beautifully less in the various transformations of the Bill, did not please the regular supporters of the Government. Their faces looked blank. Mr. John Redmond looked stern, as befits the rigid patriot who says, "This is too much—the climax has come." So up rose Mr. Redmond, and gave notice that when the proposal to leave Ireland in the clutch of the Imperial tax-gatherer for six years came before the House, he should oppose it as "insulting and humiliating." Whereat the Opposition laughed aloud, all except some Ulster Unionists, who seemed to be reflecting that if the Imperial authorities were going to collect the taxes, Ulster would not be able to refuse payment to the agents of the hateful Dublin Parliament. This prospect threw Mr. William Johnston into a statesman-like reverie; but on the benches below the gangway opposite there was manifest sympathy with Mr. Redmond; and the Radicals, who are all for Home Rule without restrictions, found a vigorous and facetious champion in Dr. Wallace.

Let it be said no more that a Scotelman has no humour, Dr. Wallace has put that proverb to shame, for he is without doubt the one genuine humourist the House possesses. When Clause 4 came up for consideration in all its mature beauty, Dr. Wallace discoursed upon it with a shrewdness and candour which mightily tickled the Opposition. He deplored the "legislative leading strings," and the "administrative bib and tucker" which were the chief gifts of this Bill to Ireland. He scoffed at the new finance, and warned the House that it meant the retention of the Irish members in their full strength to interfere with British questions. As for getting rid of the Irish members by such a scheme, why, Westminster would re-echo with Ireland. We should have "Ireland, Ireland everywhere, and not a drop to drink." It was all exceedingly funny; but the fun had a sting which appeared to trouble the occupants of the Treasury Bench in the midst of the general hilarity. Dr. Wallace has one remarkable quality for a humourist:

he speaks rarely. He knows better than to weary the House with perpetual quips, but reserves himself for conspicuous occasions. Of all the Parliamentary jesters I have known he most resembles Bernal Osborne, whose humour had a biting edge which frequently made it more effective than serious argument. When the question of the Irish representation at Westminster comes up I fancy Dr. Wallace will give the Government more uneasiness than the legislative independence of Mr. Bolton or the stony isolation of Mr. Saunders. Probably Dr. Wallace's allusions to Scotch Home Rule had something to do with the unexpected collapse of that movement, or else the Irish debates have sacrificed the House with Home Rule in any form. At any rate, the Scotch members, who yearn for a Parliament found themselves in a minority on the division on Dr. Clark's resolution. There is nothing in the least degree humorous about Dr. Clark, but during his speech I thought I perceived some Ministerialists chuckling. They may have been thinking of Dr. Wallace's picture of the effect the Home Rule Bill would have on Scotch opinion if it were offered to Scotland as well as to Ireland.

From this interminable controversy we have had a brief diversion in the shape of Supply. The discussion of the Navy votes was overcast by the terrible disaster in the Mediterranean, and even the economic spirit of Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton was subdued. He managed, however, to interject a characteristic dissertation on the cakes and ale of Admiralty entertainments. There is a good deal of hospitality in that department in the course of the year, and Mr. Morton pleasantly suggested that the money had been spent without the consent of Parliament, and more particularly the consent of the member for Peterborough. Mr. Morton is a great enemy of eating and drinking which is not conducted under his superintendence. If he were consulted about the cost of public feasts, if he were sent marketing every time the Admiralty proposes to give a spread, if he were made a kind of Imperial Butler, his mission in life would be accomplished. I don't know what sort of dinners would be given under his dispensation, but it is quite certain that there would be no superfluity. Lord George Hamilton indignantly repudiated the imputation that he had charged the country with the cost of the Admiralty banquets, and then Admiral Field waxed scornful at the thought that the dignity of the Navy and its administration was perpetually compromised for the sake of "a few dirty pounds here and a few dirty pounds there." The Admiral is magnificent when he is in this vein. Pounds, shillings, and pence shrink and wither under his irony, and the House soars far above the mere price of things into an atmosphere purified from all taint of the sordid. But when Mr. Gladstone announced that the Indian Government had resolved to establish a gold standard in India, and to fix the value of the rupee at one and fourpence, Mr. Morton's ideas took a new departure, and I fully expect to find him armed with complicated calculations of the effect of this change on the daily economy of every Hindoo.

OBITUARY.
LORD CALTHORPE.

Sir Frederick Henry William Gough Calthorpe, of Calthorpe, in the county of Norfolk, fifth Baron Calthorpe, and a baronet, D.L., died on June 25. He was the eldest son of the fourth Baron, and was born July 24, 1826. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He represented East

Worcestershire in the House of Commons from 1859 to 1868. He succeeded his father in the latter year. The deceased peer was unmarried. He is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Augustus Cholmondeley Gough Calthorpe, of Perry Hall, near Birmingham. The new peer was born Nov. 8, 1829, and married, July 22, 1869, Maud Augusta, daughter of the Hon. Octavius Duncombe.

SIR WILLIAM MACKINNON, BART.

Sir William Mackinnon, of Strathaird and Loup, in the county of Argyll, C.I.E., J.P. and D.L., first Baronet, died on June 22 at the Burlington Hotel, London. He was the son of Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, and was born March 31, 1823, at Campbeltown. He married, March 12, 1856, Janet Colquhoun, elder daughter of Mr. John Jameson, of Woodside Crescent, Glasgow. He was created a Companion of the Indian Empire in 1882, and a Baronet seven years later. He unsuccessfully contested Argyleshire in 1885. He was the founder of the British East Africa Company.

SIR GEORGE TRYON.

Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., whose death occurred on June 22, on board H.M.S. Victoria, was born Jan. 4, 1832. He was the third son of the late Mr. Thomas Tryon, of Bulwick Park, Northamptonshire. He entered the Royal Navy in 1848, and served with the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol, on board the Vengeance (84). He was Naval A.D.C. to the Queen 1879-84, and Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty 1883-84. He became Commander-in-Chief of the Australian station in the latter year, continuing in that position till his appointment, in 1888, as Admiral Superintendent of the Naval Reserves. In 1887 he was created K.C.B. In 1889 he was promoted to be Vice-Admiral, and became Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet in 1891. He married, in 1869, the Hon. Clementina Charlotte Drummond Willoughby, daughter of the first Lord Aveland, who survives him. In 1887 he unsuccessfully contested the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire.

Mappin & Webb's PRESENTATION SILVER PLATE.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C., & 158 TO 162, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

DECORATORS
AND
COMPLETE
HOUSE
FURNISHERS.

DECORATORS
AND
COMPLETE
HOUSE
FURNISHERS.



HAMPTON & SONS'

NEW BOOK OF DESIGNS AND COMPLETE FURNISHING CATALOGUE.

This Work contains Fifty Drawings of specially designed Artistic Interiors, in the various styles now in demand; upwards of 2000 "Half-Tone" Prints of Furniture Photographed from Stock, and many Coloured Illustrations of Carpets, Curtains, Linens, Blinds, China and Glass, etc.

The above print is a photographic reproduction of the Cover of the Book, the actual size of which is 15 in. by 10 in.

To all those about to furnish or Re-Furnish HAMPTON & SONS will have much pleasure in forwarding a copy of this Guide, free of charge, on condition that it is returned within a fortnight, unless such an order is placed as will entitle the purchaser to retain it for future reference.

PALL MALL EAST,
AND
COCKSPUR STREET, } TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.

Works:
Belvedere Road, S.E.

AT YOUR

PEPSALIA has the exact appearance and taste of the best white table salt. Substitute PEPSALIA, the Digestive Table Salt, for ordinary Table Salt. Put PEPSALIA into the salt-cellar, and eat it with your food as, and instead of, ordinary salt. PEPSALIA will thoroughly digest the food. Indigestion will be absolutely cured and avoided, and you will gain health, strength, and comfort. PEPSALIA is cheap—a 1/- bottle is sufficient for 48 meals. Try it for a week—you will be delighted with it. From Chemists, Stores, and Grocers, in 1/-, 2/-, and 5/- bottles.

A beautiful Doulton-ware PEPSALIA Cellar sent post free for 2/-.

G. & G. STERN,
62, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

TABLE

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent Street.

£20.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illustrated
Guide post free. "How to Commence," £2 to
£1000.—TOBACCONISTS' OUTFITTING CO., 186,
Euston Road, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S

MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

SUMMER SALE
NOW PROCEEDING

Silks, Dress Fabrics, Mantles, Costumes,
Millinery, Lingerie, &c., at greatly reduced
prices. Circular post free.

256 to 264, REGENT ST., LONDON.

IF YOU COUGH

TESTIMONIAL FROM MADAME MELBA

"I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.
"Yours faithfully,
"NELLIE MELBA."

Endorsed by
M. ALBANI, LANGTRY, FLORENCE
ST. JOHN, MARIE ROZE, and others.

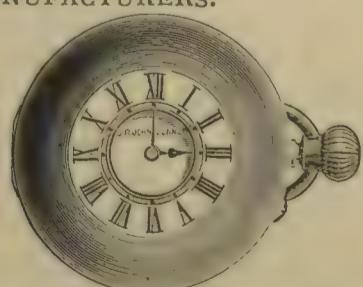
TAKE

For Loss or Weakness
of Voice, Hoarseness,
Catarrh, Influenza,
Asthma, &c.
They are used by
every singer of note.

GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

In cases of 72 Pastilles, 1s. 1½d. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or post free on receipt of price by the
Wholesale Dépôt, FASSETT and JOHNSON, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.,
WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£10.—In return for £10 NOTE,
free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD
KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and work-
manship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.
GOLD WATCHES, from £5.
Illustrated Catalogues post free.

£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH
LEVER WATCH. A fine 1½-plate English
Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass.
THE CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and
dust tight. GOLD CHAINS AND JEWELLERY.

£25, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.
Arms and Inscription embazoned to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield. Three
Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

SIR JOHN BENNETT (LTD.), 65, Cheapside, London.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 3, 1891), with a codicil (dated Dec. 18 following), of Mr. Joseph Grunebaum, late of 45, Old Bond Street, and 3, Princes Square, Bayswater, who died on May 17, was proved on June 17 by Isidore Grunebaum and Martin Grunebaum, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator gives £100 and all his pictures, plate, books, wines, household goods, furniture, chattels and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £300 to his sister Mrs. Hockfield; £250 each to his grandchildren; and his share and interest in the business of J. Grunebaum and Sons, cigar and cigarette merchants, 45, Old Bond Street, to his sons Alfred and Arthur, they paying the value thereof to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children in equal shares, but various advancements to his children are to be brought into account.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1891) of Mr. William Francis Harvey, late of Purlbrook Heath House, Farlington, Hants, who died on April 23, was proved on June 17 by Thomas William Harvey, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator gives £23,000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Consols to his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Maria Harvey; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his son, Thomas William Harvey.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1877), with a codicil (dated Dec. 23, 1881), of Mr. George Charlton Handford, architect, formerly of 224, King's Road, Chelsea, and late of Trafford Lodge, Kilburn, who died on Dec. 1, was proved on June 12 by Augustus Layland and James Edward

Strachan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testator leaves a freehold house in the Rue de la Tour d'Odre, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, to Mary Anne Gillemant, for life, and at her death, with some plots of land in the same town, it is to be sold, and the proceeds invested in French Rentes in the names of the Mayor and Council of Boulogne, and the interest distributed on New Year's Day, in sums not exceeding twenty francs, to deserving needy persons of the said town, as the Mayor and Council shall think fit; £2000 each to the children of his late brother in Australia; £500 to each child of his sister Elizabeth Hayes; his freehold houses in Church Street, Chelsea, to his brother Henry; various stocks and shares, furniture, and effects, to the said Mary Ann Gillemant; and other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his brother Henry and his sisters Jane and Mary Anne, share and share alike.

The will (dated April 26, 1892), with a codicil (dated Nov. 5 following), of Mr. John Charles Bell, formerly of Lanbaurgh Hall, Great Ayton, Yorkshire, and late of Harrogate, who died on Feb. 23 at 43, Pall Mall, was proved on June 10 by Hugh Bell and James Devereux William Leach Hustler, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to Mrs. Gertrude Mary Jackson and Louisa Roberts; and £500 each to his executors. As to the residue of his property, he gives two thirds to his son John Dobree Bell, and one third to his daughter Una Clara Margaret Bell.

The will (dated July 22, 1876), with two codicils (dated Dec. 31, 1884, and Feb. 26, 1886), of Mr. James Wrigley, late of Field House, Netherton, near Huddersfield, who

died on April 12, was proved on June 13 by James Albert Wrigley, the son, and William Wrigley, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator gives his freehold residence and other freehold and leasehold property to his son James Albert, conditionally upon his paying £1000 to the eldest son, and £1500 among the other children of his (testator's) late son George Edward; and a complimentary legacy to his executor, Mr. W. Wrigley. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated April 20, 1892), of Mrs. Selina Mary Bulkeley, late of 8, South Street, Park Lane, who died on April 19, was proved on June 5 by the Rev. Cyril Randolph, and Sir Frederick Thomas Arthur Hervey-Bathurst, Bart., the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to her nephews and nieces, Lionel Hervey-Bathurst, Arthur Cecil Hervey-Bathurst, Ernest Frederick Hervey-Bathurst, Claude Hervey-Bathurst, Clare Emily Phipps, and Alice Constance Tudway; £2000 to her great-nephew Felton Hervey-Bathurst; £3000, upon trust, for her nephew Richard Felton Hervey-Bathurst; and legacies to other of her relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her nephew Sir Frederick T. A. Hervey-Bathurst.

The will and codicil (both dated March 7, 1881) of Mr. George Watson, late of 73, Victoria Road, Clapham Common, who died on April 17, were proved on June 7 by Mrs. Matilda Eliza Watson, the widow, and Mrs. Hannah Charlotte Baker, the sister, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND

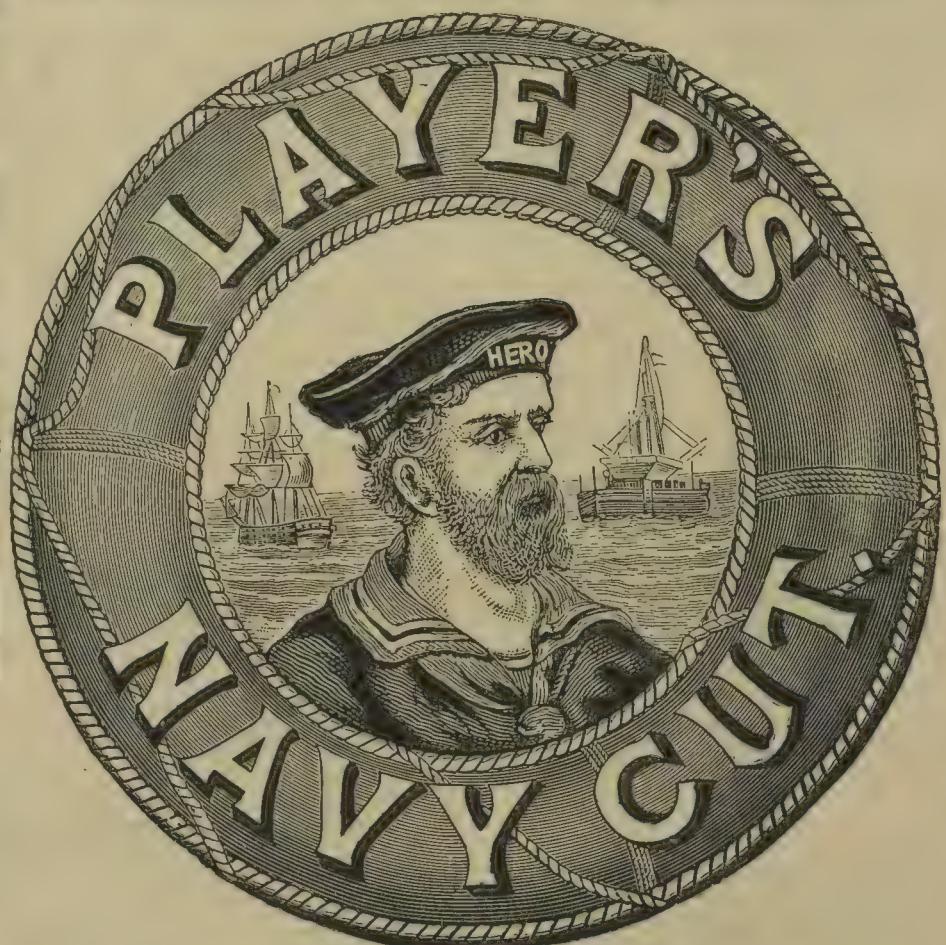
FAULKNER'S "ORIENT" PEARLS.

Gold. 21s.
Gold. 25s.
Gold. 21s.
Gold. 21s.
21s.
Faulkner's "Orient" Pearl Necklets, with handsome Diamond Cluster Snap (as above Illustration), exhibited in 21/- South Kensington Museum. The only Pearls awarded 21/- Gold Medal.
Extra quality Pearls, 30s., 40s., and 50s. Any size Pearl may be had, same prices
7s.
Lanner. 12s., 16s.
Diamond Swing Earrings, in Solid 18-carat Gold, 21s. Others at 10s. to 15s., with Wires or Screws.
21s.
Diamond and Pearl Bracelet, 45s.
Ditto, all Diamonds, same price.
Diamond Brooch, 10s. 6d.
Stud, Gold, 6s.
Pin and Stud, 17s.

THE FAULKNER DIAMOND: being a hard Crystal, will stand any amount of wear, is most beautifully cut and faceted by the first lapidaries of the day. The purity and dark rich fire of these stones are unsurpassable, and infinitely superior to many expensive real gems of inferior quality. The great reputation of the FAULKNER DIAMOND is now well known all over the world. The stones are set in gold and silver by most experienced setters, and can be mounted side by side with the finest brilliants. They are patronised for Court and all great occasions. Thousands of Testimonials can be seen from all parts of the world. Those who are specially invited to inspect the marvellous selection now on view, which we guarantee will surpass most sanguine expectations. CATALOGUES POST FREE. These WONDERFUL STONES can only be obtained of

A. FAULKNER,
Manufacturing Jeweller,
90 & 167, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Sold only in 1-ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,

"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.



THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE. THE SUMMER NUMBER (greatly enlarged). Contains 12 page Illustrations.

NOW READY. ONE SHILLING.

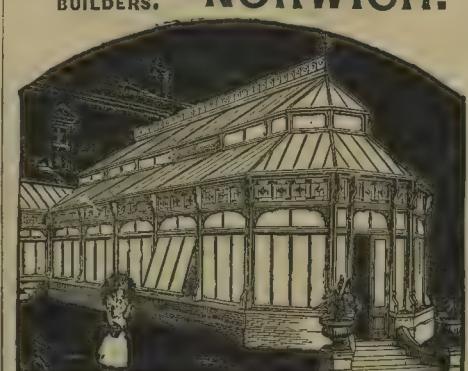
CONTENTS FOR JULY:

"SUMMER." Frontispiece. From an Original Drawing by G. L. Seymour.
THE OLD CAMP FIRE. By Bret Harte. Illustrated by R. A. Beadle.
THE SOUL OF DAPHNE. By the Marchioness of Carmarthen. Illustrated by L. Housman.
THE FOLLIES OF FASHION. Part I. By Mrs. Parr. With Illustrations.
THE LAST OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. By W. L. Alden. Illustrated by Sydney Adamson, with full-page Original Drawing by C. P. Knight.
OLD HEDGEROWS. By "A Son of the Marshes." With Original Woodcuts drawn and engraved by George E. Lodge, and full-page Illustration by G. Fidler.
FAILINGS OF FELICIA. By Lady Lindsay. Illustrated by Frank Feller.
QUEEN MARIE LOUISE OF PRUSSIA. By William Waldorf Astor. With full-page Illustration from painting by Gustav Richter.
A KISS OF JUDAS. By X. L. Illustrated by L. Baumer, with a full-page Illustration by Aubrey Beardsley.
DEAL BEACH. By Sydney Gerald. With Illustrations.
"PHYL." By George H. Boughton, A.R.A. With full page and other Illustrations by the Author, engraved by Biscoe Gardner.

"THROUGH OTHERS' GLASSES." (Continued.)

Copies on sale at all Booksellers, Newsagents, and Railway Bookstalls in Great Britain and Ireland. Editorial Offices: 18, Charing Cross Road, W.C.
Publishing Offices—London: George Routledge and Sons, Limited, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; Manchester: George Routledge and Sons, Limited, 16, Jackson's Row; New York: The International News Company; Toronto: The Toronto News Company; Montreal: The Montreal News Company.

BOULTON & PAUL.
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS.
NORWICH.



EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS and APPLIANCES.
Ladies and Gentlemen waited upon by Special Appointment.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S NEW BOOKS.

THE DICTATOR. By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P. 3 vols. At all Libraries.

"A pleasant and enteraining story. A book to be read by an open window on a sunny afternoon between luncheon and tea."—Daily Telegraph.

HEATHER AND SNOW. By GEORGE MACDONALD, 2 vols. At all Libraries.

"Dr. Macdonald's book is full of genius. It should gather round him all his admirers, and add vastly to their number."—Bookman.

THE RED SULTAN. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. 3 vols. At all Libraries.

"Beyond doubt the very best story of adventure which the present year has, so far, provided for us. Mr. Stevenson's 'Kidnapped' has found a worthy peer."—Daily Chronicle.

THE SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB. By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN, Author of "A Social Departure." With 37 Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

"Very clever and amusing. No book has been written which gives a more realistic picture of Anglo-Indian life."—Scotsman.

THE GUN-RUNNER: A Romance. By T. BERTRAM MITFORD. With a Frontispiece by Stanley Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.**SCOTLAND YARD, PAST and PRESENT.** By Ex-Chief Inspector CAVANAGH. Post 8vo, picture boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.**NEW TWO-SHILLING BOOKS.**

LINK BY LINK. By DICK DONOVAN. ARMORIE OF LYONNESE. By WALTER BESANT.

SUNNY STORIES. By JAMES PAYNTER. PIRATE THE PHENICIAN. By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE. By AMBROSE BIERCE.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH. By ERASMIUS DAWSON.

TRACKED TO DOOM. By DICK DONOVAN.

THE MAN WHO WAS GOOD. By LEONARD MERRICK.

DR. BERNARD ST. VINCENT. By HUME NISBET.

SOUL OF COUNTESS ADRIAN. By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By RICHARD PRYCE.

ROMANCE OF A STATION. By Mrs. CAMPBELL PRAED.

FROM THE BOSOM OF THE DEEP. By J. E. MUDDOCK.

MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET. By HUGH MACCOLL.

A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. By MARK TWAIN.

ALONE ON A WIDE WIDE SEA. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 21a, Piccadilly, W.

MAXWELL GRAY'S NEW NOVEL.**THE LAST SENTENCE.**

By the Author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." In 3 vols. 2nd Thousand. At all Libraries.

THE LAST SENTENCE. 2nd Thousand.

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "Most powerful."

THE LAST SENTENCE. At all Libraries.

The "Standard" says: "The interest never for a moment flags."

THE LAST SENTENCE. 2nd Thousand.

The "Morning Post" says: "A fascinating tale."

THE LAST SENTENCE. At all Libraries.

"Black and White" says: "Extremely strong and dramatic."

THE LAST SENTENCE. 2nd Thousand.

The "Saturday Review" says: "A remarkable novel."

THE LAST SENTENCE. At all Libraries.

By MAXWELL GRAY, Author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." In 3 vols.

The "Scottish Leader" says: "A novel of extraordinary strength and fascination."

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

Now Ready. Illustrated, Cloth, Gilt edges. 10s. 6d. net.

THE EARLY DAYS OF MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE; or, Public School Life between Forty and Fifty Years Ago. To which is added

A Glimpse of Old Haileybury; Patna during the Mutiny;

A Sketch of the Natural History of the Riviera; and Life in an Oxfordshire Village.

By EDWARD LOCKWOOD, Indian Civil Service (Retired). Author of "The Natural History of Monghyr."

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT, and Co., Limited.

T H R E E N E W N O V E L S.

NOW READY.

W H O W I N S — L O S E S. By SOPHIA MARY LOCKE. In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

NOW READY.

M R S . F I N C H - B R A S S E Y . By MRS. ANDREW DEAN, Author of "A Splendid Cousin;" &c.

In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MRS. SEVERN."

M R S . E L P H I N S T O N E O F D R U M . By MRS. STEVENSON, Author of "Juliet," &c. In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

RICHARD BENTLEY and Son, New Burlington Street, W.

H U R S T and B L A C K E T T ' S N E W N O V E L S .

THE FATE OF SISTER JESSICA. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "Grandmother's Money," "The Youngest Miss Green," &c. 3 vols.

THE WINNING OF MAY. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney," "A Woman at the Helm," &c. 3 vols.

IN THE BALANCE. By G. M. ROBINS (Mrs. L. Baillie Reynolds), Author of "The Idea of March," "The Tree of Knowledge," &c. 3 vols.

THE SAFFRON ROBE. By MARGARET B. CROSS, Author of "Thyme and Rue," "Stolen Honey," &c. 3 vols.

DISINHERITED. By HENRY CRESSWELL, Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine," "A Wily Widow," &c. 3 vols.

A BROKEN IDOL. By ADELINE SERGEANT, Author of "Caspar Brooke's Daughter," "Sir Anthony," &c. 3 vols.

London: HURST and BLACKETT, Limited, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

NEW TALE BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for JULY contains the first instalment of a Story in Three Parts by MRS. OLIPHANT, entitled A WIDOW'S TALE; also the opening chapters of a new Serial Story entitled WITH EDGED TOOLS, by an Author whose name is for the present withheld, and the following Articles: NILE NOTES.—THE BREAKING OF THE DROUGHT.—TEXTS AND MOTTOES.—MACDONALD'S RETURN.—CHARACTER NOTE: THE SPINSTER.—TOURNAMENTS AND MATCHES.

Ready at all Booksellers and Newsagents, price Sixpence.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

S H I R T S . — F O R D ' S E U R E K A . S H I R T S .

"The most perfect-fitting made."—Observer. Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of FORD'S EUREKA. Sixteen different sizes, 14 in. to 18 in. neck, 5s. 6d., 7s. each; or to measure, 30s., 40s., 45s., half-dozen, carriage free. Illustrated Self-Measure, &c., free by post.

RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

S H I R T S . — N e w P a t t e r n s o f t h e b e s t F r e n c h

printed Cambric Shirts, and the Mat Oxford for making the Eureka Shirt, sent free by post. Six for 90s.

FORD and CO., Eureka Shirt Makers, 41, Poultry, London.

O L D S H I R T S . Refronted, Wrist and Collar

Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

A E G I D I U S F L A N N E L S H I R T S . Special

Quality, elastic and woven, thoroughly shrunk, three for 25s., 31s. 6d., and 39s. 6d., carriage free. Write for Patterns.

R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

R O B I S O N & C L E A V E R B E L F A S T .

Children's 1/3 doz. HEMSTITCHED. Ladies' 2 3/4 " 2 2/3 " Gents' 3/3 " 3 1/2 " Gents' 3 1/2 "

CAMBRIC "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER, C. T. THE Queen."

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Manufacturers

to the Queen. [65]

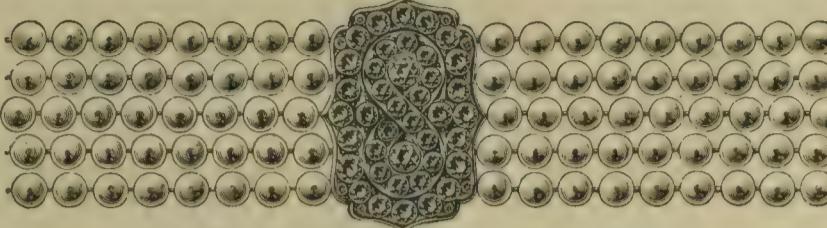
SAMPLES AND PRICE. LISTS POST FREE.

H A N D K E R C H I E F S .

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, B E L F A S T .

Manufacturers to the Queen. [65]

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY
WORKSHOPS: PARIS and LONDON.Spécialité:
The "Orient" Pearls.Gold Medal,
Paris, 1889.Illustrated
Catalogue Post Free.THE VERY FASHIONABLE NEW "COLLAR-NECKLET."
Five Rows of Finest "Orient" Pearls, mounted with handsome Diamond Clasp and Three Diamond Slides, set à jour. Prices ranging from 25s.

85, New Bond St., W. 248, Regent St., W. 43, Burlington Arcade, W.

Near Marshall and Snelgrove's. Near Oxford Circus.

N.B.—The Company's only Address in the Arcade.

DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO H.S.H. PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY.



AN ENTRANCING PARFUMÉ, FLORAL, DISTINCTIVE, AND HIGH CLASS.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." Lancet, June 15, 1889.

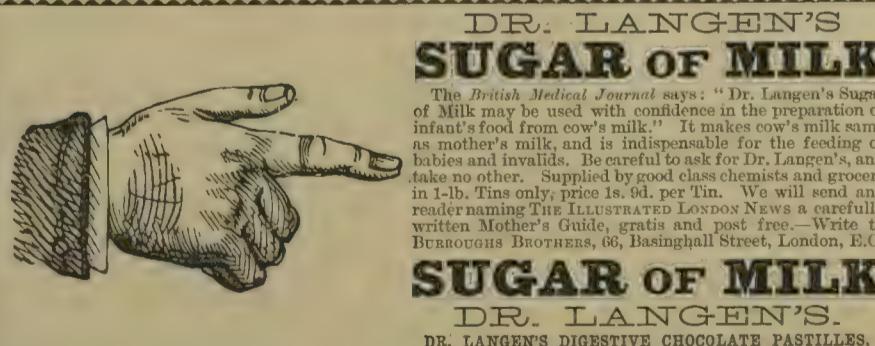
Peptonized COCOA & Milk
[PATENT] SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.
Most Delicious, Nutritious & requiring no digestive effort.

TINS 2/6. Half-Tins (Samples, 1/6.

S. Sainsbury's Lavender Water.

Prices, 1s. to 16s. 6d., &c. Sold throughout the Country.

Manufactory: 176 & 177 STRAND, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1832.

**DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL.**
To be had in Bottles of all Chemists. Imperial Capsuled Half-Pints, 2s. 6d. Pints, 4s. 9d. Quarts, 9s.
For Consumption, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Debility, and Skin Complaints.

Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., Limited,

210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (West Coast Route).

Commencing July 1, NEW CORRIDOR TRAINS,

with REFRESHMENT and DINING CARS attached, for FIRST and THIRD CLASS PASSENGERS.

will be run between LONDON (EUSTON) and GLASGOW (CENTRAL),

at the following times:

P.M.	1.M.
LONDON (Euston) .. dep. 2	GLASGOW (Central) dep. 2
3 25	0
Liverpool (Exchange) ..	Preston ..
5 50	6 17
Manchester (Victoria) ..	Manchester (Victoria) ..
5 35	7 26
Liverpool (Exchange) ..	Liverpool (Exchange) ..
5 27	7 2
Preston ..	Birmingham ..
6 27	8 29
GLASGOW (Central) arr. 10 10	LONDON (Euston) ..
10 15	10 45

LUNCHEON, DINNER, and other REFRESHMENTS will be served en route at the following charges:

LUNCHEONS (served after Departure of Train), First Class, 2s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s. Also à la carte at Buffet charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

TEAS (served from 4.30 to 6 p.m.), Pot of Tea, Roll and Butter, 6d. Other Refreshments at Buffet Charges as per daily Bill of Fare.

DINNER (TABLE D'HÔTE) (served after leaving Preston), First Class, 3s. 6d. | Third Class, 2s. 6d.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1, in addition to the Refreshment and Dining Cars to and from Glasgow, a Refreshment and Dining Saloon will be run to and from Edinburgh, and Corridor Vehicles also placed in circuit between Liverpool and Manchester, and Edinburgh and Glasgow. Until this arrangement comes into operation, Passengers for Edinburgh and the North can make use of the Glasgow Refreshment and Dining Saloon as far as Carlisle.

FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N. W. Ry. JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Ry. London, June 1893.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY. SEASIDE—TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY to TUESDAY CHEAP TICKETS to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, CROMER, Southend-on-Sea, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldeburgh, Southwold, and Hunstanton, are issued by all Trains from LONDON (Liverpool Street), also from G. E. SUBURBAN STATIONS (and New Cross (L. E. and S. C.) at same fares as from Liverpool Street). These Cheap Tickets are also issued from ST. MARGARET (Maldon) and KENTISH TOWN to HUNSTANTON, YARMOUTH, LITTLEHAMPTON, and CROMER. CHEAP DAY TRIPS TO THE SEASIDE.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA and Back, 2s. 6d. DAILY. Through FAST TRAINS from LIVERPOOL-STREET and FENCHURCH STREET. Cheap Tickets also issued at METROPOLITAN LINE STATIONS, via Bishopton.

CLACTON, WALTON, and HARWICH and Back, 4s. From Liverpool Street, on Sundays at 9.10 a.m., and on Mondays, at 8.25 a.m.

For full particulars see bills. London, June, 1893. W. BIRT, General Manager.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES by the Steam-ships CHIMBORAZO, 3847 tons register; GARONNE, 3876 tons register; and LUSITANIA, 3877 tons register, leaving LONDON as under.

FOR NORWAY. June 28, for 29 days. July 13, for 27 days. August 2, for 24 days. August 16, for 15 days.

The Steamers will be navigated through the "Inner Lead," i.e., inside the fringe of islands off the coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water, and will visit some of the finest fjords. On the first two trips the North Cape will be reached while the sun is above the horizon at Midnight.

For SICILY, GREECE, the LEVANT, and CRIMEA, leaving Sept. 2, for 46 days. For the MEDITERRANIAN, leaving Sept. 12, for 31 days.

testator bequeaths £500 each to his executrices, his household furniture and effects to his wife, and £1500 each to his children. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; and then an annuity to his wife's mother, if then surviving. Subject to this trust, he gives the residue to all his children in equal shares, and in default of children, to his sister, Mrs. Baker.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1890) of Sir Edwin Abercromby Dashwood, Bart., late of West Wycombe Park, Bucks, who died on April 7, was proved on June 14 by Francis Dashwood and Robert Norton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator charges, under the powers given by the will of his great-uncle, Sir George Henry Dashwood, the estates thereby settled, with the payment of £400 per annum to his wife, Dame Florence Dashwood, for life, and of the capital sum of £5000 in favour of his younger children.

The will of Mr. Thomas Muir-Drew, late of Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, who died on May 16,

was proved on June 12 by Mrs. Laura George Muir-Drew, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7811.

The will of Mr. Arthur Shelly Eddis, Q.C., Judge of the Clerkenwell County Court, late of 12, Mandeville Place, Manchester Square, who died on May 23 at Stoke Bishop, Clifton, was proved on June 19 by Arthur Clement Eddis, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7629.

The will and codicil of Mr. John Lloyd-Jones, formerly of Plasbry, near Carnarvon, and late of Castellmai Llanfelin, Carnarvonshire, who died on March 14, were proved on June 10 by Mrs. Anne Lloyd-Jones, and Mrs. Fanny Lloyd-Jones, the daughter, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3939.

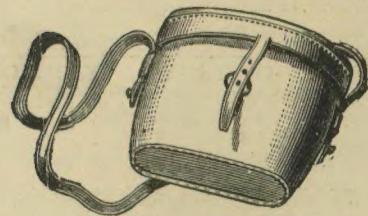
The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Inverness, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Feb. 12, 1889), with a codicil (dated Dec. 19, 1890), of Sir John Peter Grant, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., J.P., D.L., of Rothiemurchus, Inverness-shire, who died at Upper Norwood

on Jan. 6, granted to John Peter Grant, George Francis Mytton Grant, and Captain Charles Grant, the sons, General Richard Strachey and Donald Grant, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on June 14, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £7040.

In the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, on June 23, Miss Emily Brinsley Sheridan, the actress, obtained a verdict for £500 against Mr. W. S. Penley, the actor, lessee of the Globe Theatre, for wrongful dismissal from an engagement to play the leading part of "Kitty" in Mr. Brandon Thomas's comedy, "Charley's Aunt." Another theatrical case tried on the same day was an action brought by the proprietors (in liquidation) of the Royal Music Hall against Miss Lottie Collins, the stage dancer and singer of "Tarara-boom-de-ay," for breach of contract: she went to America last October, and there earned a much higher salary. The plaintiffs got a verdict against her for £300.

THE RACES.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
CELEBRATED BINOCULARS.



Unrivalled for Power and Definition.
In Sling Case complete, Two and Three Guineas and upwards.
New Illustrated Price-List free by Post.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA
Opticians and Scientific Instrument Makers to
the Queen,
38, HOLEBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

BRANCHES: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent Street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO: Crystal Palace, Sydenham.
Telephone No. 6388. Telegraphic Address: "Negretti, London."

A WORD TO THE WISE!

Concurrent testimony of the most convincing nature
points to the certain advent of

MUCH SICKNESS

in the summer now rapidly approaching, and the present unexampled drought, by lessening our needful supply of water, is proving a powerful auxiliary to

TYPHOID & OTHER FEVERS.

It behoves all heads of families to arm themselves against its approach, and there is no greater safeguard than

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

which is a cooling and purifying medicine, gentle in its action and certain in its results. It is a very pleasant drink, and is recommended by the most eminent members of the medical profession. It is endorsed by tens of thousands, from the duke to the peasant, and it has remained a household remedy of unrivaled merit for more than sixty years. It is inexpensive but invaluable, and the proprietors unhesitatingly assert that every claim made for it is more than justified by results. Don't wait until the Enemy is upon you, but get a bottle at once from your Chemist, and follow the plain instructions for its use. You will bless the day you took this advice.

Sold in Stopped Bottles, 2/6, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/-, by all Chemists everywhere. Sole Manufacturers, HENRY LAMPLUGH, Limited, 113, Holborn; 94, Old Broad Street; 42, Fenchurch Street; and 47, Monkwell Street, London, E.C.

ED. PINAUD
PARIS. 37, Bd de Strasbourg

ED. PINAUD'S Celebrated Perfumes
VIOLET OF PARMA | THEODORA
IXORA BREONI | AIDA

ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER
The world-renowned hair
tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

ED. PINAUD'S IXORA SOAP
The best soap known.

Sold by all First-class Perfumers.
Wholesale: R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
31, Berners Street (Oxford Street), London, W.

CLAXTON'S EAR-CAP.
PATENT
For Remedying Prominent Ears,
Preventing Disfigurement in
after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy.
In all sizes,
Send measure round head just
above ears. Price 3s. 6d.
A. CLAXTON, 62, STRAND.



ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.

THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London,
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

HOOPING COUGH.
CROUP.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers
for their children while teething with perfect success. It
soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures
wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Of all Chemists, 1s. 1d. per Bottle.

CHILDREN
TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.
IMPROVES THE HANDWRITING.

GOLD PENS.
SUITABLE FOR ANY HOLDER.

GOLD PENS.
EVERLASTING IN WEAR.

GOLD PENS.
MADE TO SUIT EVERY HAND AND STYLE.

GOLD PENS.
TRY ONE AND BE CONVINCED.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE, TODD, and BARD, Manufacturers of Gold
Pens and "Swan" Fountain Pens, 93, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C. (Established 1845.) Catalogues and
Price-List on application.

GOLD PENS.

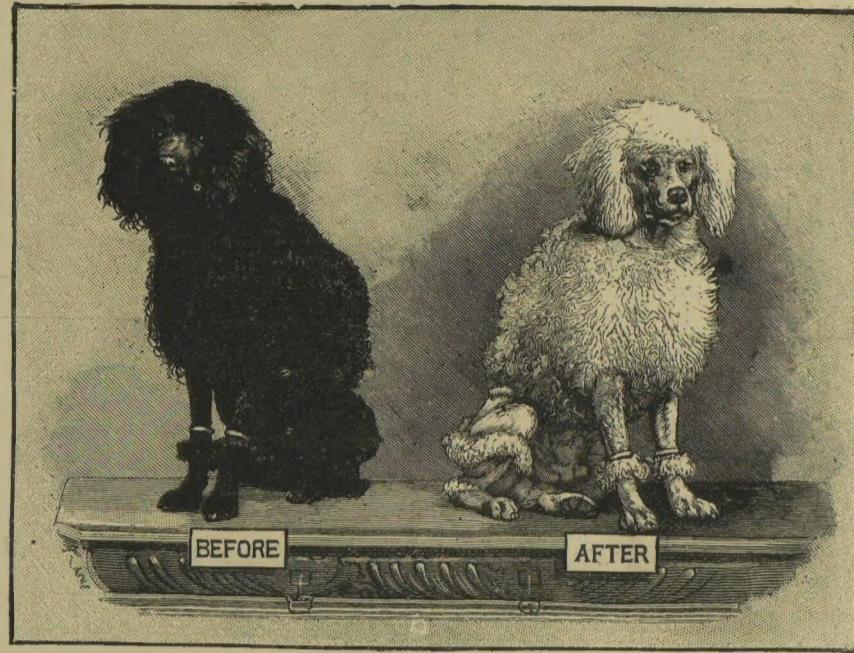
Washed with

TITAN

"Dirt flies
before it . . . clothes
wash themselves."

—THE LADY, July 7, 1892.

Whitens Linen
WITHOUT Chemicals.



UNEQUALLED for FLANNELS
AND WOOLLENS.

Let Woollens steep 30 minutes in
lukewarm water in which TITAN SOAP
has been dissolved. Carefully rinse and
dry—**THAT'S ALL.**

KODAK FILMS.

FREE DARK ROOMS
AT THE
WORLD'S FAIR.

The World's Fair Authorities, after seeing the superior work done on our new film, decided to sell no roll film and no cut sheet film on the grounds other than ours.

We have purchased the exclusive concession for a dark room at the Fair, and are erecting a building as headquarters for Kodakers. The use of the dark room will be free for changing films and plates.

Competent attendants will be in charge, to set right anybody that may have trouble in operating the Kodak, and will make slight repairs that may be necessary without charge.

If anybody comes to the fair with a Kodak that will not work properly, we will replace it with one that is in good order.

EASTMAN

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS CO., LTD.
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.



CHAS. PACKER & CO.
76 and 78, REGENT STREET, W.
NEW PATENT.



An absolutely secure Jewellry Fastening, for all interchangeable articles of Jewellry, such as Pins, Studs, Rings, Bracelets, &c. Full Particulars and Illustrations in Catalogue, post free on application.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S (CLOUDY) AMMONIA MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for all Toilet purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & CO., 32B, Southwark Street, S.E.

THE 'CHAMPION' HAND ICE MACHINE

will ice
drinking
water in
3 Minutes,
Will also
cool Still
Wines;
make Ice
Cream and
Block Ice.

ALWAYS
READY FOR
USE.

NO
FREEZING
POWDERS
REQUIRED.

Prices:
No. 1 . . . 8 8
No. 2 . . . 12 0
No. 3 . . . 20 0

Send for List
F 12 from
sole Licensees
PULSONS
ENG. CO., LTD.,
Nine Elms
Iron Works,
London, S.W.

Machines shown in operation at 63, Queen Victoria Street.

AN ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

An Original Case of MÜLHENS'
GENUINE No. 4711 BRAND

OF
EAU DE COLOGNE.

THE PUREST AND STRONGEST
YET MOST DELICATE
EVER PRODUCED.

THE WORLD says: "Any one
desirous of getting a thoroughly
genuine Cologne cannot do better
than send for a bottle of
the '4711' Double Extract.
Once having used
it, repetition is a foregone
conclusion."

Large selection of
Choicest Perfumes,
Toilet Soaps, &c. Quintuple
Concentrated Extracts,
made from Fresh
Flowers gathered at Grasse

Of all Dealers in Perfumes,
or at the
LONDON BRANCH:

62, NEW BOND ST., W.
(One door from Brook St.)

Price Lists on application
to Mr. J. REUTER, Manager.

And at Cologne,
New York,
Vienna, Riga, and
Odessa.

ASPINALL'S

"A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD."

COLOUR CARDS gratis and post free on
application to

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, LIMITED,
NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E.

N.B.—Estimates for the complete Decoration of Houses, &c., &c., by our own staff of
skilled workmen, free on application.

ENAMEL.

PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.





H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK (PRINCESS MAY OF TECK).

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

From Special Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.